

MACLEAN'S

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IN STRANGE LOCKSTEP

For better or worse, politicians and reporters both project beyond the moment

BLINK LAST WEEK, and you might have missed him, even those of us nearby in the closely knit media community where my family and I spend as much leisure time as possible. Well, no doubting it: Jean Charest paid a visit. In the farming community in southeastern Ontario where we spent the last couple of weeks on holiday, he dropped by the house of the local MP one afternoon, talked agricultural issues, met local liberals, and covered on A-1 a guy I know who was involved in the covering and the PM was "friendly and patient" so well-known—two qualities always in abundance among successful politicians. A report in a local newspaper said he was politely dismissive of reporters' questions about his future.

Great, how nice to escape that predictable drill for a couple of weeks—no matter whether you're among the PM's defenders, or his inquisitors. One problem with being around politics too long is that you become aware that every occasion, regardless of location, becomes cause for a moment, in which all sides' actions are choreographed long before the event. Consider last week's event: you can take as a given that it was preceded by a security check, a visit by communications officials seeking optimal camera angles, a briefing for the Prime Minister on key rural issues he might be asked about, and careful discussion among advisers as to whether his attire was appropriate for the 6 p.m. news.

None of that is necessarily a virtue at the PM or his advisers, because we in the media help ensure that some lockstep occurs. Most Ottawa press gallery reporters acknowledge they're routinely advised at the start of every election campaign to make sure they cover the news differently than someone else—and soon learn that the moment they do so, they're instructed by their news desks to get back on board with the rest of the pack. These days, the only story that any news editor wants to

hear about the PM concerns his political future—or lack of same—which is why location, and occasion, for his appearances is unimportant.

Given that, it's tempting for a politician to decide that the best solution for predetermined media coverage is to duck, and stay home. But they can't, for either tactical reasons or the same emotional imperative that drives them to become elected politicians in the first place. My fondness for Charest is a right in June, 1994, in Normandy, France, after a 30th anniversary D-Day memorial ceremony. The bus carrying reporters back to our hotel was long gone—I missed it—and the PM, thinking he was free of reporters, hung around, socializing with the vets and their families in a relaxed mood as I've seen him. Similarly, I think of Paul Martin, when I bumped into several years ago as he was triumphantly reporting that he had completed his last visit to all of the country's ridings. But, I said, duly impressed, he should have advised the media about those meetings of the wanted proper coverage. "Now," he said, with a smile, "I figured I had a choice between delivering people my message, or having my guys deliver the wrong one for me."

That's the funny thing about politicians, and the reporters who cover them: For better or worse, we both project beyond the moment. The PM's visit to my temporary post in the world was seemingly about issues and politics, and anything other than leadership. The media reports were to the contrary. No wonder people sometimes feel baffled.

Anthony Wilton-Smith

apocryphal/Smithsonian.com is concerned on The Editor's Letter

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THEMAIL

'An offender priest who has done some quality therapeutic work knows it is no longer possible for him to work with parishioners as their priest.' —MARION NORMAN, Vernon, B.C.

Clerical responsibility

It is incomprehensible that an organization as socially powerful and responsible as the Catholic Church is permitted to conduct its affairs as described in "A Church in denial" (Cover, July 22). Not only have the victims of these crimes endured the suffering inflicted by the individual perpetrators, they are subsequently abandoned by the very institution from which they sought guidance and comfort in the first place. The Church turns its back on the parishioners and protects its own.

Brianne Ross, Fort St. John, B.C.

As a post-Vietnam U.S. Catholic Christian, I found your editorial ("A Catholic author says") *The Editor's Letter*, July 22) to be a sober and realistic snapshot of current, and past, realities within the bureaucracy and body of the Catholic Christian religion. Well done. The abuse inflicted by ordained priests is an issue that needed to be explored in detail. But as the anonymous young man ("Keeping the faith alive"), the surprising reporting of polygamy searching to understand the teachings of Jesus, which their local spiritual leaders obviously could not inspire, was a waste of space and paper.

Michael T. Silverwell, Kingston, Ont.

I expected articles on World Youth Day, as positives and potential problems. Instead, I was subjected to an anti-Church editorial, and "Keeping the faith alive" was overwrought with "A church in denial," a rebuke of yesterday's news about pedophile priests. When will the media get a life and stop their anti-Church bias?

T. A. Lavoie, Ottawa

It is clear that neither Father James Knudsen nor Bishop Fred Henry of Calgary "got it" in terms of sexual abusers, their nomination, the intensity of their problems and (even more importantly) the need for them to develop a understanding and be responsible for their actions. An

A CHURCH IN DENIAL



offender priest who has done some quality therapeutic work knows it is no longer possible for him to work with parishioners as their priest. He would perhaps ask for work in research or administration. I would certainly hope this rebuke would have received training in that area and would know that as an offender, priest must be responsible for his deeds for the rest of his life. The *Henry* to take the view that Knudsen has been "treated unjustly" is so counterproductive and so unfair it takes my breath away.

Sharon Munnich, Vernon, B.C.

Alive and kicking

"Disappearing Saskatchewan" (Cover, July 15) immediately brought to mind a quote attributed to Mark Twain, "The reports of my death are greatly exaggerated."

Larry Kosman, Montreal

Saskatchewan is rich in top-quality farmland as well as men and women who know how to work and make it produce. It is a major producer of wheat, durum, oats, barley, flax, canola, mustard, peas, alfalfa, chickpeas, lentils, wild rice, canary seed and canary seed, as well as being huge in beef. The problem is that our national governments have allowed the railways and the transnational elevator companies to dictate which (if any) crops should survive. This has been devastating. And while this is all taking place, our neighbors to the south is swallowing its farmers so they can lack Canadian farmers' beans. As your article points out, they are being quite successful. Where is our national government through all of this?

Telling us to try to grow some new crops that may or may not work.

Michael GSW, Nelly, Melville, Sask.

This article was particularly bad taste both in its inference that our province is "disappearing" and in its visual concept. Even in Saskatchewan we develop our persons as robust.

Val Thomas, McCreight, Sask.

While people may be leaving Saskatchewan to find their fortunes elsewhere, there are those of us who are leaving Alberta and Manitoba to find our fortunes in Saskatchewan. It is unfortunate you chose to concentrate on the former and only briefly mention the latter.

Chris Bullock, Regina, Sask.

I left the farm at age 32 to study computer information systems. Now, 10 years later, I'm a technical analyst at SaskTel, one of the top companies to work for in Canada. My evenings and weekends are mine to do as I wish, whereas on the farm I would work 12 to 16 hours a day, even more during seeding and harvest, for minimal cash. Do I regret the choice I made 10 years ago? Absolutely not. That was one of the best decisions I ever made.

Kevin Krammer, Regina

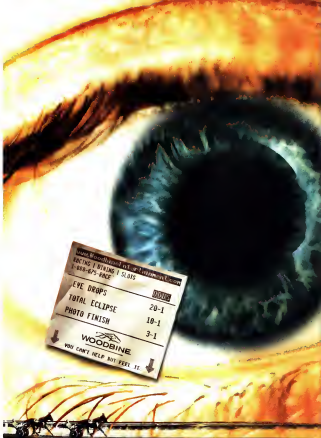
Fast from the past

Just when I thought your magazine was getting a little too true for my liking, you hit me with a spot. It's on *Nash the Slash* ("Spotlight on the Slash", *Ontario*, April 22) a few months ago, and now Garth Hudson ("The wizard", *Music*, July 22). You deserve my strongest respect.

Julian A. Belanger, Windsor, Ont.

Talking Turkey

"At the crossroads" (Turkey, July 22) discusses Turkey's economic and social political future in the European Union as well as the country's post-9/11 role as a buffer between Europe and the fundamentalist Islamic world, but it fails to mention that Turkey is the only predominantly Muslim member of NATO. Surely this fact is relevant to any discussion of Turkey's political influence, especially in light of the U.S. assertion that Iraq's regime must be toppled. Turkey's economic losses due to the Iraq embargo and the fragile state of its





Thanks for letting others play too.

To date, the Altamira Charity Challenge has helped raise over \$3.9 million for children's charities across the country. Thanks to your help again this year, more children will get their chance to play.



THEMAIL

coalition government/military dictatorship must be duly considered. The U.S. predilection for ignoring the kinds of strategically important allies is a hypocrisy that must soon force a reckoning. One need only look at the plight of the poor in monarchical Saudi Arabia and the growing anti-Western sentiments in that country, fuelled in part by financial like Osama bin Laden, to see the folly of blind economic diplomacy. Until U.S. Middle East policy is independent of oil addiction, good sense is unlikely to prevail.

Donna Carter, Burnaby, B.C.

Big and bigger

I, too, thought these oversized roadside monuments were a little over the top until we had one built in our town ("Big sisters," Will Bergquist's *Canada*, July 22). A giant here was constructed in the downtown core of Falher, Alta., at one time the honey capital of Canada. Falher is a nice place filled with genuinely nice people who are proud of their town and their culture (which includes the bees), but it would have been nice to have the name spelled correctly—it's Falher, not Faller.

Tanya Gillies, Seman Grove, Alta.

Born and raised a proud Sandhopper, I was disappointed not to read about the Big Nickel, Sudbury's reminder to travellers on Highway 17 that they are visiting the nickel capital of the world. A little further west there is a big loonie in Echo Bay, although it pales in comparison to the size of our coin.

Brian King, Edmonton, Ont.

As always, I chuckled my way through Will's story, partly because I have stopped at so many of the same larger-than-life Canadian icons. I was disappointed he didn't mention the cow in my hometown of Woodstock, Ont., the "Dairy Capital of Canada" (though there is no dairy there). One more roadside map next time he's in Ontario.

Lynne Gatten, Pickering, Ont.

Sex and the single golfer

I sincerely regret that Donna Carter did not have a better time on Oahu for her \$100 ("Tea-off time," Over to You, July 22) but the makes an assumption when she says eight or 10 men eyed her "out-

creously" when she showed up to play golf alone, perhaps they were admiring the lone lady golfer. I have had over 26 years of golfing on Oahu, six months a year, three days a week. All the golfers are helpful and courteous and I definitely cannot let my drive over 200 yards. I am 79 and have a spinal fusion.

Alex Kowalek, Port Huron, Ont.

I confess I don't like it when a single joins up with me and my golfing buddies, but that single could be male or female or Tiger Woods, because golfing with, like anything, strangers can be awkward. Donna Carter offers no proof she was excluded from playing with male golfers just because she is female.

Jason Brough, Vancouver

I played with a man in Spain who was a complete nut. Lying behind a lady's foursome, he would say in a loud voice: "Why do women play golf?" A week later, the starter put me with a lady and the same man. I was most satisfied and gratified when the young lady outdrove, outplayed and bested him by 10 strokes.

Roger Fox, Prince George, B.C.

Waste not, want not

The photograph accompanying "A municipal workers' strike may mean a long, smelly summer for Toronto" (The Week, July 15) took the shade. The content of the garbage pile really is disheartening—a mix of recyclables, vegetable matter, plastic wrap, wood, etc. Perhaps some of the people who suffered the inconvenience of no garbage pickup will begin to separate, compost and reuse as much of the waste as possible.

Kirk Clark, Windsor, Ont.

Peace, man

I think it's a bit disingenuous to imply that those boomers who experienced war



alternating living situations came back to the mainstream culture to become rebel conversers, as if the initial impulses for a more balanced, sane and less consumption-based life were merely a fad like red-dyed shirts ("Look to the future," *History*, July 22). The culture, as I remember it, was extremely hostile to those of us who deviated from the bourgeois expectations of the time (and nothing has really changed in this regard). Societal pressures coupled with our own lack of maturity and the unwillingness of the mainstream to nurture these tentative movements also played a large role in our reentering middle-class society. It was probably true that only a small percentage of the boomer generation aspired to any countercultural or political activity—the overwhelming majority of this generation were in conservative or first generation. However, there are still many pockets of people who took the higher values of the '60s to heart—giving back to society, money can't buy you love, a proper relationship with the natural world, and peace—and they deserve their due.

Bruce Gilchrist, Oakville, Ont.

Winning ain't everything

I was struck by the statement, "But the Christian camp is missing loyalty and the PM's proven track record as a winner" ("The PM runs to Mr. Joe-It," *Politics*, July 15). What a lousy excuse for running for office at any level of government. Loyalty is good but only when the object of that loyalty is worthy. Christian may have, for some reason I have yet to fathom, a good track record in winning elections but not in performing the work he was elected to do.

Glenn Egan, Alexander, B.C.

Liberal "loyalty to the leader," adviser John Rae's strategy for the Jean Chrétien popularity machine demonstrates the image-over-substance approach that has always been Chrétien's watchword. It also demonstrates the lack of personal integrity among his "loyal" supporters. There is nothing more soothing than to watch a bunch of Liberal spokesmodels standing around in the House applauding Chrétien when he waxes single enough to believe he is not a man who deserves loyalty and respect.

James Cass, Stirling, Ont.

1" of separation between
this application
and that application.

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and your team to bridge applications
written in different programming
languages and residing on differing
platforms. That way old applications
can work with new applications. And
applications from one department can
be combined with applications from
another to create hybrids. Software
tools, say, accounting can work with
software from human resources to
develop a more efficient payroll
process. Even more exciting: corporate
IT departments can expose these
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MACLEANS BEHIND THE SCENES



IN PRINT AND ON SCREEN

Journalist, author, documentary filmmaker and outspoken critic of the dumpling down of broadcast news, Arthur Kent focuses on U.S. and international affairs for *Maclean's*.

"It's always a huge thrill to appear in *Maclean's*; not only institutionally a must read for Canadians, but also the home of some of the best writers in the country," says Kent.

In the summer of 2005, while the U.S. network news industry was focusing on shark attacks and the Osama bin Laden mystery, Kent's London-based production company, Fast Forward Films, was working American about the dangers posed by the Taliban regime's reign of terror and repression.

His hour-long award-winning documentary, *Afghanistan: Captives of the Marionets*, was broadcast nationally by PBS in the United States in June, 2005, and was extensively rerun after Sept. 11. Kent followed up with *Afghanistan: Legacy of War*, first telecast on The History Channel in December, 2005. This documentary traces the last two decades of conflict through the experiences of the civilians and combatants Kent has filmed since his first visit to Afghanistan in 1980.

For the past three decades, he's worked for some of the world's leading networks and newspapers. He's spent much of his time in war zones and is still remembered as the "Good Stud" for his coverage of the Persian Gulf War for NBC News in 1991.

Kent travelled extensively overseas in the early 1990s, producing news and current affairs reports from Asia and Europe as an independent reporter and photographer.

He won two Emmy Awards for his coverage of the 1989 Tiananmen Square protests in Beijing and the anti-Communism uprising in Bucharest in December, 1989. His articles can be seen periodically in *Maclean's*.

For further information, contact info@behindthescenes.ca

THE WEEK



Politics | Growing numbers of Liberals start to rain on Chrétien's parade

It should have been a good week for Jean Chrétien. His meeting with Pope John Paul II is the sort of prime-ministerial photo-op his old Paul Martin has no way to match. And despite a turbulent week of economic news, the Canadian dollar showed resilience and the market signs of life. But the disbursement of pressure for the Prime Minister to step down refused to let up. The core group of Liberal MPs calling for Chrétien to resign clearly when he will retire before a leadership review vote at a February convention is growing bolder. Meanwhile, Martin's loyalists are planning to unveil a package of proposals to strengthen the role of backbench MPs at the annual Liberal summer caucus gathering in Châteauguay, Que., on Aug. 5.

That bid to cast Martin as a performance-reform visionary is emerging as his key policy calling card. He has used the term "democratic deficit" to describe the way MPs are often relegated to marginal roles in Ottawa. For Martin, that theme has two great appeals. First, championing the ordinary MP overstates a strongly longed-for criticism of Chrétien's continued governing style—without forcing Martin to openly attack the Prime Minister. Second, it counterbalances Martin's image as a millionaire businessman, and a lifelong political insider, with a more populist message. For Chrétien's sake, the sign of organizing, economics and policy may be in the Martin campaign only be frustrating. If even a populist consensus and economic optimism can't lend the Prime Minister a modicum of respect, he's in trouble.



ScoreCard

▲ Pope John Paul II: There's the crisis, not the 10. Minutes after the parade boat people: 10.0. The masses: 10.0. And the crisis: 10.0. But he looks less angry than his church.



▲ Ray Hnatyshyn: He's healthy: 10.0. He's a moderate: 10.0. He's a head-on collision with the current: 10.0. He's a head-on collision with the current: 10.0.

▲ David Dodge: Bank of Canada governor issues key economic statement: 10.0. On the one hand: 10.0. He's a head-on collision with the current: 10.0. He's a head-on collision with the current: 10.0.

▲ Jean Chrétien: Much of the call for MPs: 10.0. He's a head-on collision with the current: 10.0. He's a head-on collision with the current: 10.0. He's a head-on collision with the current: 10.0.

▲ Joe Clark: Paul Martin is a better politician: 10.0. He's a head-on collision with the current: 10.0. He's a head-on collision with the current: 10.0. He's a head-on collision with the current: 10.0.

▲ Martin's critics: Canada's leading U.S. 10.0. He's a head-on collision with the current: 10.0. He's a head-on collision with the current: 10.0. He's a head-on collision with the current: 10.0.

"I'm almost afraid of the emotionalism. Will all this lead to a meeting with Jesus? Will they discover their individual conscience and be with the poor and the weak?"

JEAN VANIER, Canadian founder of an international community of homes for the disabled, questioning the hoopla surrounding the Pope's visit

Refugee gaps dreams

Three Americans living in British Columbia, who were being prosecuted in the U.S. for various crimes associated with the trafficking and cultivation of marijuana when they fled, have filed refugee claims. They maintain they were growing pot for medical purposes, and were being prosecuted unfairly. "It's a political war against people who are sick," said Renee Bote, who fled Los Angeles where she was charged with growing and possession with the intent to traffic. But observers say their refugee claims will likely be denied, because upholding them would invite a flood of claims from Americans facing drug charges.

Matcher returns to court

Clayton Matcher was a strapping postman when he was accused of killing 16-year-old Somali teenager Shidane Arsi in 1993 while on a peacekeeping mission in the African nation. But when Matcher, 37, appeared in a Saskatoon court last week, his hair was flecked with grey and he didn't seem to know where he was.



Matcher suffered severe brain damage when he attempted to kill himself after he was charged with murder. To maintain the charges, the military must hold a hearing every two years. His father, Leon, said he brought his son to the hearing for the first time because he feels the public believes Matcher is faking his injuries. But it's plain, he said, "he doesn't understand anything at all."

Canada still third

A year after leaving its long-held position as the most desirable place to live, Canada remains No. 3 on the United Nations quality-of-life index, behind Norway and Sweden. The Human Development Report 2002 ranks 173 countries by measuring such things as life expectancy, education and income. Belgium finished fourth and Australia fifth, while Sierra Leone remained in position as the worst place on the world to live.

To spray or not to spray

Residents of a well-to-do neighborhood in Winnipeg last night barked to prevent the city from spraying mosquitoes with

pesticides they say cause respiratory problems. Some homeowners circulated petitions demanding the city abandon the program, while others organized to prevent their opponents from blocking the "spray crew" work. In previous years, residents could ask crews not to spray within 100 metres of their homes. But when authorities confirmed that a dead crow found in Winnipeg in early July was carrying the potentially fatal West Nile virus, provincial health officials ordered the spray crews to proceed.

Tightening the net

Canadiana donating money to the al-Qaeda terrorist network could face up to 10 years in jail—but it's all right if they give to Hezbollah, the Lebanese-based terrorist group responsible for hundreds of bombings and murders. As part of a crackdown, Solicitor General Lawrence MacKay banned al-Qaeda and its other extremist groups allied with it from operating in Canada. The U.S. has banned Hezbollah, but MacKay declined to say why he exempted the group. In April, Foreign Affairs Minister Paul Martin said Canadians could give money to Hezbollah because it was also involved in charity work.

Layton goes national

Toronto City Councillor Jack Layton, 52, outlined a sweeping social agenda as he announced his bid for the leadership of the federal New Democratic Party. Layton, a 20-year veteran of municipal politics, said in Ottawa that he would "reenergize" the party with a platform calling for more social housing and clean air pollution.

Privatizing B.C. booze

British Columbia will close 224 provincially owned liquor outlets over the next three years, and small retailers will be allowed to sell alcohol. Competition Minister Rick Thorpe said a privatized liquor industry will attract consumer money overseas. But the B.C. Government and Service Employees' Union said the sale was bad public policy because the government will lose control over alcohol, "which has very serious social consequences."

Judge asks biker trial

The complicated trial of 17 Hell's Angels in Montreal that was expected to last nine

**Sports | Off and running**

The Commonwealth Games may be known as the Friendly Games, but the 17th edition that opened last week in Manchester, England could also be called the Games With MACH to Prove. At the halfway point between summer Olympics, they're a chance for more than 5,000 athletes from 72 countries of the former British Empire to test their interna-

tionals were thrown into confusion when Justice Jean Guy Boivin of the Quebec Superior Court suddenly quit the proceedings, claiming he had been undermined by the Canadian Judicial Council. A new judge is expected to replace Boivin, 65, after the council sent him a letter of

reprimand in which it chastised him for abusing his power and showed a "flagrant lack of respect towards an officer of the court." The reprimand was in response to a complaint by defence lawyer Gillen Dore, who is representing Daniel Iqbal, one of the bikers in the trial, which is now in its fourth month. Dore had complained about comments Boivin made to him following a bail hearing for Easther on June 21, 2001. When Dore continued arguing after Boivin refused his client bail, the judge told him, "an assistant lawyer is rarely useful to his client."

Canada struck gold even before Iqbal led the team into the games' opening ceremonies. Dore can't rest on their laurels. Traditions Simon Whitfield, who won Olympic gold in 2000, is trying to complete a comeback after breaking his wrists and collarbone in April. Wheelchair dancer Iqbal must compete in the 74 kg weight class after his sports governing body eliminated the 66 kg class in which he

won gold in Sydney. And Oksana Litvin, a member of the Canadian gymnastics team for seven years, is taking a year to pole-vaulting.

But the host city may have the most to prove. After being selected for the 1996 and 2000 Olympics, Manchester wants to demonstrate it can host a major sporting event. Judging by the eye-catching opening before Queen Elizabeth II and 40,000 others, we're in for a jolly good show.

But the host city may have the most to prove. After being selected for the 1996 and 2000 Olympics, Manchester wants to demonstrate it can host a major sporting event. Judging by the eye-catching opening before Queen Elizabeth II and 40,000 others, we're in for a jolly good show.

Belgian vulnerable to terror

Prime Minister Tony Blair pledged to strike a balance between national security and personal freedom as the country beefs up security in the wake of a parliamentary report that says Britain is extremely vulnerable to terrorist attacks like the ones on

New York City on Sept. 11. To quickly repel an attack by air, the airport said the Royal Air Force should move some of its bases closer to London. The report also called for a review of air security at the country's ports which could allow terrorists to plant bombs in shipping containers, leading to "catastrophic" results.

Alzheimer's economic toll

The cost of Alzheimer's disease to the economy is massive and growing. According to new research by the American Alzheimer's Association, the disease is already costing U.S. industry more than US\$61 billion a year (using the same statistics, that suggests almost \$9 billion annually in Canada). The association says that the cost, which includes absenteeism, insurance and training replacement workers, is expected to soar as the population ages and the number of cases increases dramatically.

An orca's new mom?

Springer, the orphaned killer whale, may have finally found a new mom. The two-year-old orca appears to have struck up a relationship with a 16-year-old female

Springer was captured and moved from Puget Sound, near Seattle, where he had stayed after her mother died. While there, she lost her fear of boats and people. She was released into the ocean off Vancouver Island on July 14, but when she attempted to break away from her adopted pod last week and start approaching boats again, the older whale kept her swimming with the group. "It is clear that she is looking out for Springer," said Dr. Lance Ramen-Lindquist of the Vancouver Aquarium.

Victory for Canada

The World Trade Organization drove a spike through U.S. claims that Canada unfairly subsidizes softwood lumber producers. The world body ruled against the United States on eight of nine important points involving preliminary duties that Washington applied last spring on Canadian softwood imports worth about \$10 billion annually. Because the ruling is preliminary, Canadian lumber producers will be forced to continue paying the 27 per cent duty, but Ottawa hopes the findings will finally force Washington back to the bargaining table.

Business

"Personal piggy bank"

It isn't every day business executives are arrested and forced to do a "prep walk" paraded in front of some taped-off media. But last week, U.S. federal agents led Adelphia Communications Corp. founder John Rigas away from a Manhattan apartment in handcuffs full view of the neighbours, passersby and rolling cameras. Rigas, 78, along with his three sons and two other senior executives, were charged with looting the sixth-largest American cable television firm. The U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission said the Rigas family used its control of the business as their "personal piggy bank" in "one of the most extensive use of financial frauds ever to take place at a public company." The firm's stock, worth \$20.9 a share before accounting irregularities surfaced this spring, was delisted on June 2 after dropping to \$8.75. Three weeks later, Adelphia, which is based in Coudersport, Pa., filed for bankruptcy protection. Among the SEC's allegations:

- Adelphia hid more than US\$2.3 billion in debt from its financial statements and misled the public about those liabilities.
- The company issued more than \$1.3 bil-



Alleged looters Michael and John Rigas

lion in stock and notes for the benefit of the Rigas family.

- It paid off \$241 million of the family members' personal debt. Of that, \$174 million was paid after accounting problems were announced in March.

- The firm paid \$26.5 million for insider rights on a Rigas property.

- It spent \$126 million of company funds to build a golf course and clubhouse which was controlled by the Rigas.

- The family had the exclusive use of Adelphia's luxury properties in Colorado, Mexico and New York City.

Passages

APPROXIMATE Archbishop of Wales Rowan Williams, 52, has been named Archbishop of Canterbury, head of the Anglican church, by Queen Elizabeth II—based on a recommendation by British Prime Minister Tony Blair. At age 36, Williams was Oxford University's youngest theology professor. He supports gay clergy, women in the priesthood and is currently weighing in on world politics—warning the U.S. against military attacks on Iraq. Williams will take over for George Carey, who is retiring in October.



DRAFTED Jim Bohle, chairman and co-CEO of Research in Motion (RIM), will give \$30 million to set up a global research centre in "think tank" in Waterloo, Ont. The Centre for International Governance Innovation will provide analysis and produce national and international policy recommendations. The federal government will match the amount.

NAILED Journalist Anna Maria Urzavski, 45, will host CBC Radio's new weekday current affairs program "Urzavski's World" on Oct. 1, airing on a currently a host on CBC-TV's *The Fifth Avenue*. The new, untitled show will air from 10:30 a.m. to 10 a.m. beginning on Nov. 18.

OPEN Australian actor Leo McKern, best known for his starring role as an arrogant barrister in *Knockout* (the *Knocky*, died in a Bush, England, nursing home after a long illness. He was 82.

SECRET Golfer Greg Forrest, 34, will not return to professional soccer after receiving successful treatment for testicular cancer. The Vancouver native, who played for England's Ipswich Town and West Ham, represented Canada 55 times, posting 19 shutouts.

NAILED Bing Gen Pierre Boulet, the former chief law officer of the military, has been appointed to a UN tribunal to try cases of war crimes and crimes against humanity committed in Sierra Leone from 1996 to the present.

'The gunman later committed suicide while in custody'

On July 10th, after 40 years on the job at posts throughout Alberta, RCMP Staff Sgt. Alan McLeod finally called it quits. McLeod, 61, was the force's longest-serving member.

My father was a member of the RCMP in British Columbia, and from the time I was a little kid I wanted to be a policeman. I joined when I was 18 and one of my earliest, and most related, postings was in Fort Vermilion [in the far northwestern corner of Alberta]. There were no roads into there and no electricity. There were two of us in the detachment and we covered 170,000 sq. km. We flew a lot into settlements, and the summer we'd use a boat. In winter, it was actually easier to travel; everything was frozen up and you

could drive. We used a dog team a few times.

We did everything in these northern communities. We saved wildlife because there were no social services in the area. We did the census. But we also had a lot of violent crime, especially after the oil boom hit, with crews coming in and bar fights breaking out.

There are a number of cases that stand out over the 40 years. One happened in 1976 when a drugged person came to Red Deer on the bus with two semi-automatics, a knife and a .38-calibre in the trunk going through the city and started shooting at vehicles. By the end of the day, 100 shots had been fired and one officer was wounded. The gunman later committed suicide while in custody. In Sylvan Lake, we had a a husband kill

his wife in their place of business, a bowling alley. The investigation took over three years before we gathered enough evidence to charge and convict him. Most murders are smacking gun cases. A fight gets out of hand and someone gets killed. You arrive at the scene and you know right away who the culprit is. But this one was a real whodunit.

I don't think people respect the police any less today than they did 40 years ago. Now, lots of people don't like us, but it's the same percentage of people who didn't like us back then. Most people are very law-abiding and don't give us any problems. The young people of today? I don't think they're any worse than the young people of 40 years ago. Not at all.



FAITH AND FERVOUR

THE OVERWHELMING impression was that they were everywhere—and that they were all so darn happy. The World Youth Day pilgrims from 172 countries had an emotional spark that kindled defiance on Roman Catholics in offices, bars and locker rooms throughout Toronto. They had flocked to the city to attend seminars, do good deeds, enjoy wholesome entertainment and, in particular, catch a glimpse of their beloved pontiff, Pope John Paul II. Just 200,000 of an anticipated 350,000 turned up, but as they migrated from venue to venue, they closed streets, strained transit and jostled typically aloof commuters. On buses, streetscars and subways, the bubbling youths broke into song. It was incongruous, occasionally beautiful, and all a bit strange.

Still, the hearts of at least a few cynics had to have been warmed by the exuberance of innocent joy. It was, after all, an unbelated six-day celebration of faith on a biblical scale, with an asking though stranger-than-expected John Paul, 82, generating pop-star voltage. The Holy

Father's arrival at Toronto's international airport, where Prime Minister Jean Chrétien issued his hand, thrilled the giddy faithful watching on huge screens at Exhibition Place by Lake Ontario. Three, two days later, John Paul's waves and blissful smile unleashed a torrent of tears during an emotional ceremonial welcoming.

For all the professed love, disaffected Catholics were pained. Challenge the Church, a coalition of social-justice groups that handed out condoms, but a nerve with talk of sexual abuse, outlawed women, birth control, premarital sex, exorcised priests and abortion. The pilgrims, says Jane Walsh, a Catholic lesbian organizer, are a minority within the church. "These are young people," adds Walsh, "who are quite right-wing."

Whatever you might call them, they were hard to miss. Many wore large wooden crucifixes and red-stuffed backpacks sewn for them by Saskatchewan and Quebec provinces to remind the pilgrims came to learn, confess, volunteer and pray. Ultimately, they seemed really nice.

Relentlessly cheerful World Youth Day pilgrims transformed Toronto



Despite concerns over his health, Pope John Paul II surprised many papal observers by walking down the steps of his plane to greet his flock.



**Corliss "Night"
Semler, 34**
Bess player
Nagil, Jamaica
"Belgian to me
brings diversity
I came here to
be with different
cultures, meet
other people and
share thoughts."



Andrzej Kujawa, 29
English student
Keto, Poland
"We love the
Pope very much,
and we look to
him as the model
of perfection."

David Harris, 21
Continuity support
worker for
disabled children
Linwood, Scotland
"I'd like to see the
church open up a
bit more on social
issues, deal with it
publicly and not just
internally."



Cho Heesun, 26
Pharmacist
Seoul, South Korea
"When I'm in Korea,
I eat vegetables
and rice daily, but
here it's special and
new! It's kind of
strange and tasty."

Oliver Good, 16
Student
Monsey, Venezuela
"The Catholics
you're here have
fast, dance, party,
but in a very beautiful
form. It's important
that people see you
can be happy like
that. You don't have
to drink to fit in."



Anthony Angoka, 26
Social sciences
teacher
Tanzania, Ghana
"After this, what
more? Much society
is spent to do this,
but the youths go
back and still they
don't go to church.
Why?"



They attended seminars, did good works—and trade confusion



They closed streets, drained transit and drowned cynical hearts

'A WORLD OF FEAR AND HORROR'

A Canadian tries to find reason amid the hatred

TEL AVIV'S DAN HOTEL is one of the liveliest in the world. It's not the rooms, or the marble lobby, lighting or restaurant. It's the view that does it. The smooth sand beach stretches the length of the city all the way to ancient Jaffa. Children play in the waves, women in shiny bikinis parade in the shallows, men stroll along the boardwalk. The blue sky and waters of the Mediterranean are in stark contrast to the words of our introduction to Israel from Michael Keren, professor of political communications at Tel Aviv University and the first of many people we will meet during five days of a crash course in what is behind the headlines of the Middle East disaster. "We inhabit a world of desperation," Keren says. "A world of fear and horror—especially terrible now after the explosion of annihilation."

There are five of us: *National Post* columnist Robert Fulford, his wife, author and freelance writer Geraldine Sherman, author and TVD interviewer Inbal Mary, Anna Morgan of the *Canadian Jewish News*, and myself. The *Canada-Israel* Committee provided the opportunity and I jumped at it. For some time I had been deeply concerned about the rise of-Semitism in Europe and Canada, much of it couched in terms of disgust with Israel and its policies during with Palestinians. I had been worried how world opinion had swung against Israel, how the September, 2001 Durban conference on racism had been turned into an anti-Semitic rally, why the Canadian Labour Congress had, in June, voted to condemn Israel, why newspapers, the BBC and CNN shared stories in favour of Palestinians even when they were covering the latest suicide bombing. I wanted to see the place behind the headlines.

Keren is a dove. For years, he worked with the peace effort. "We were working toward running joint programs with a community in Gaza, good meetings, finding common ground," he says. "My brother, who is a doctor, had opened cancer detection clinics in Nabha. But it's all over now. Jews being killed in the street brings back terrible memories." Keren links his hands together as he lays them on the table in the hotel restaurant. He has not touched his food.

Memories. Close by, at the beachside Dolphinarium nightclub, a suicide bomber killed himself and 21 people, mostly teenagers, in June last year. Journalist Hersh Goodman tells me about another suicide bomber who blew himself up near his five-year-old's kindergarten last November. Goodman's son watched in horror as a decapitated head sailed through the air. Novelist Orly Castel-Bloom says an action gothic to her 16-year-old daughter every time the teenager goes to school. She has to travel by bus—a favourite target of suicide bombers, and Orly's new novel, written since the second Intifada began, is aptly entitled *Human Parts*.



Israel won't give up its claim to all of Jerusalem, a city cherished by both sides

There have been 61 suicide bombings in Israel since the second Intifada began in September, 2000, almost all committed by younger Palestinians. In all, more than 570 people have died in suicide bombings and other terrorist attacks, including almost 70 children. And the Palestinian Authority and Hamas continue to encourage suicide bombers and heavily armed killers to slaughter Jews. On July 16, nine Israelis died when Palestinian fighters opened fire on a bus near Nabha, and the following day three people died in back-to-back suicide bombings in Tel Aviv. The Israeli hit back last week when an F-16 dropped a one-ton bomb on an officer complex in Gaza City in an attempt to kill Hamas leader Salah Shehadeh, a leading proponent of suicide bombing. The strike was successful, but it also killed 14 other people including nine children, leading to international condemnation.

The killings only added to the anguish on both sides of the Israeli border. "How do you bring up your kids in a world like this?" asks Mark Heller in the collection of Tel Aviv's Museum of Art, where European Impressionist works rub shoulders with trauma-filled paintings by early ses-

doers, Heller is a principal research associate at Tel Aviv University's Jaffee Center specializing in Arab-Israeli relations. He has been researching pluralism and individual rights in a "civil society." But, he adds, how do you have debates over pluralism and civil rights when you are afraid to let your children ride the bus to school, when suicide bombers are glorified in the West Bank and Gaza, when the Arab world is unwilling to accept even past rights-to-rest?

Michael Keren says that Israel has offered peace to the Palestinians, and he can't fathom why people would rather blow themselves up than have their own sovereign state. But some observers have an explanation for why Israel is losing its case in the media: the Palestinians glory in displaying their dead, while Jewish culture does not play up Jewish carnage. "Imagery always trumps ideas," Keren says. The next day, there is a Reuters photograph on the front page of the Jerusalem Post showing two young Palestinians kneeling, their hands and behind their backs with their hands covering their eyes, while an armed soldier looms over them. It was probably greeted with howls of outrage around the world. But how many would have read the accompanying story that identified the two young men as terrorists, caught with Kalashnikov rifles, grenades and flak pattern on their way to slaughter Israeli civilians?

On Tel Aviv's Sheinkin Street, where young people used to gather late into the night, the outdoor cafés are closed or quiet. There are armed security guards at the entrance to the street and in the doorways of the more popular stores. When I walk by in the evening, they look up warily. Do the bombers target the young because they want Israelis to suffer the greatest possible pain? Or do the young target the young?

IN RAMALLAH, we sit across the table from three Palestinian intellectuals. His rage palpable, Ali Jibrini holds onto the tablecloth to steady himself. "Over 35 years you lose your sense of human dignity," he says. "That's the context for suicide bombers. We have lost our hope for the future, while they think they can sip coffee in their favorite haunts." Why was peace rejected by Palestinian Author-



A devastated building in Gaza City (top). An abandoned Israeli bus near Nalut.

ity Chairman Yasser Arafat during the July 2000 negotiations with then-prime minister Ehud Barak at Camp David? "It was never offered," Jibrini says, with much conviction one always believes him. (In reality the deal fell apart when neither side could come to an agreement on the issues of Jewish settlements and Palestinian refugees who still insist that they have a right to return to their homes in Israel.)

Abdel-Malik Al-Jaber, a businessman with a Canadian passport, has not given up on the principles of the peace process. He came back with his Maccabi Ph.D. to start a business. But he, too, says he does

not believe Israel's offer of 95 per cent of the West Bank was genuine. They are not about to withdraw the settlements, he says. "After the first Oslo peace accord was signed in 1993, Israeli settlements on the West Bank and Gaza doubled," Al-Jaber says. "They built highways and bridges. They would leave all that behind?"

Ran Shichalei, in contrast to the others, is quiet and composed. He is a lawyer and writer, and recalls from his most recent book, *Stronger is the Flower*. The passage he has chosen tells of how Israeli bulldozers have devastated the olive groves of Palestine. "The Jew talk of building a civil society," he says. "Here, we have no rights and no civility. What there was leading up to Camp David has now been destroyed. We are under occupation." Does he have

hope for the future? Only if the Palestinians can find new leadership that can implement decisions and policies, he says, and only if the Israeli state is demanding the settlements. "Put it to a vote on both sides of the divide," Shichalei adds. "Both our people would choose peace over settlements and suicide."

Mark Heller disagrees with the contention that Israel is not about to give up the settlements. True, now, Ariel Sharon's government would withdraw from some of the territories if it meant the end of violence, he says. Heller speaks of the ongoing conflict purely as a culture clash between Israel and the Arab world. "I'm sorry because we seek to have a civil society, because we favour the modern over the traditional—with few exceptions—they think we do not belong in this part of the world," he explains. "Aetography is destiny. This is our home."

But Palestinian leaders have treated their own narrative one that denies Israel's right to exist and insists that the whole territory belongs to them. All of them—Arafat would not agree to a peace that did not include the return of Palestinian refugees. There are now 3.9 million refugees and their descendants, living in towns and refugee camps on the West Bank and in neighbouring countries. Arab countries endeavoured to keep them there rather than allow immigration and dispersal, as Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organisation rose to power on promises to return refugees to the land they fled in 1948 when the combined armies of Transjordan, Syria, Egypt, Lebanon and Iraq marched on the newly created state of Israel, and were defeated.

Reading the daily papers, how many people really know the complex history of this place? Why, after 1,666 years of exile, Jews still see this as their natural homeland? How many attempts there have been at peace? About the Six Day War? How many people know about the Oslo accords, and who said what about Israeli settlements in the occupied territories and the refugees? That the return of so many refugees would effectively mean the end of Israel, accomplishing without a shot what successive wars of aggression and terror have failed to do?

How much are the Israelis we meet willing to do for peace? Mark Heller would

'Give the Palestinians hope. Give them some compensation—so long as they acknowledge our right to live in peace'

contemplate, without withdrawing from parts of the occupied territories, dismantling of the outlying settlements, building a wall to separate Israel from its enemies. Michael Mendelsohn, a columnist with the daily newspaper *Haaretz*, would go even further. "Give the Palestinians hope," he says when we meet him in the Gali Gali in Tel Aviv. "Give them some compensation—so long as they acknowledge our right to live in peace."

Novelist A.B. Yehoshua is another beloved supporter of the peace initiative. Now, Yehoshua would have a border dividing the land along pre-1967 lines while keeping some of the major settlements and Jerusalem. But the gates Post guards. Leave the Palestinians to their own devices. There seemed to be no end to his logic, until I saw Jerusalem. How do you divide an ancient city where Jews, Muslims and Christians have lived cheek by jowl for centuries? The city is holy for all.

FROM THE OLD CITY of Jerusalem you can see Tel Aviv's modern skyscrapers in the distance. The museum's cliff overpicks with the sounds of nearby dance music. It's young Israeli music, or old Arab music on speed. We sit in the garden of the White Cafe restaurant, eat Arab delicacies, hushy-smoking cigars at the next table, clouds of bugs flitting with the lights.

Motti Lerner, a famous Israeli writer and a strong supporter of the left, is telling us that the Israeli judiciary has been co-opted by the government. "There should be courts of appeal that work for all sides," he says. "If you occupy land, you have to provide a system of justice." Because Israel has landed the Palestinian territories in the name of self-protection, it must take responsibility for another people's needs. "With the whole infrastructure of Palestinian society destroyed, you're taking care of it," Lerner says. "Imagine a Palestinian family with 10 children in two small rooms, in the heat of the summer, no

schools, no lights, nothing works. That must not lose its humanity. If it does, what are we about?"

On the dirty, heat-baked streets of Ramallah, Lerner's words become real. We arrive when the curfew has lifted for just a few hours to allow people to shop. With our Canadian clearance, we are allowed to drive through. One of the drivers, Gey, an Israeli born in Jerusalem, fought for three years on the Lebanese border and lost his two best friends. One other driver is an Arab Israeli, born in the Christian quarter of Jerusalem near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. He points to Israeli-owned houses on nearby hills, and tells us of the daily humiliations Palestinians must face.

Later, we have a chance to look at notebooks used in Palestinian schools. They praise Palestinian fighters. Jews are portrayed as dangerous enemies of Allah, greedy land grabbers. Early readers are shown pictures of Israeli bulldozers flattening Palestinian olive groves. In one of these books, *Witness to History: The Fight and Promise of Palestinian Refugees*, there is graceful acknowledgement of the "valuable contribution" Canada has made to the "production of this publication." How much have our taxpayers contributed to the propagation of hatred? I didn't have a chance to ask Steve Hibbert, the Canadian representative to the Palestinian Authority, who is housed in a building close to Arafat's headquarters, about the books, but hope to find out.

ON OUR LAST DAY in Jerusalem, we meet a former Montreal native, Professor David Hartman of the Shalom Hartman Institute. "I can't give you hope because my grandchildren's lives are on the line," he says. That's more people will die, he says, because the Arab world has not yet accepted that the Jews have to stay. Hartman was once asked by Sam Nassef, the Palestinian Authority representative in East Jerusalem, whether he would consider working for the PA. He said, of course, "but only when I hear Arafat say this one simple sentence: the Jews have come home." Then he smiles and looks at each of us, in turn, as if to make sure we are listening. Jews are rabbids, he says, and will not give up. "This is the last step in Jewish history—at where we belong." □

GROWING UP LARGE

The hurtful remarks. The alarming health risks. How kids, and parents, can respond to the obesity epidemic sweeping the developed world.



SUMMERTIME and the living is easy as the bus pulls up to Emerald Lake, a scenic limestone quarry now filled with spring water near Hamilton. Twenty-five kids aged eight to 12 pile out, laughing and splashing in the sunlight. Some scramble up a platform and dive, making big splashes in the green water. Others float around

in a knee-deep wading pool or beat the heat running through a sprinkler. As far as they're concerned, it's just nice to have the chance to spend a few days like so many other kids their age do during a warm July. At what may be Canada's only camp specifically for overweight kids, no one points when they strip down to their

bathing suits. No one giggles. No one whispers any of those hurtful names "I always walk away from it, but I get upset," says Carly Deleh, a smiling 14-year-old forming a swimmer in the wading pool with two other girls. "Here I don't get teased, and it's easier to make friends."

The timeless fusion of sparkling, sunlit



'If people make fun of me, I just say worse things about them.' JENNIFER BOAGS, 9

water and free-and-easy children makes Carly's innocent words all the more poignant. This camp is about more than how these children look in a bathing suit. Some of the kids happily splashing in the water could already suffer from serious blood pressure, abnormally high cholesterol levels and other cardiovascular ailments which may be the precursors of heart disease and strokes. Some might already exhibit the first hints of arthritis from carrying those extra pounds. Some may even be demonstrating the first signs of type 2 diabetes, another disease that used to strike only in adulthood but is now hitting pre-teens in Canada. That affliction can lead to blindness, kidney failure, nerve damage and heart disease in later life.

Worst of all, unless something changes, many of these obese kids will become obese adults—with an increased risk of dying from a range of causes compared to adults of normal weight. "Childhood obesity is an epidemic," warns Dr. Claire Lefebvre of Ottawa, chair of the Canadian Pediatric Society's Committee on Healthy Active Living for Children and Youth. "We've got to treat it like one."

Alarmed? Well, just walk into any Cineplex or McDonald's and gaze upon the giggling jowls and beach-bell bellies on the grade-schoolers and teenagers lining up for those free popcorn refills and gargantuan Cokes. Better yet, look at the numbers. According to a recently released study, 33 per cent of Canadian boys were overweight in 1996—up from the rate in 1981—while the number of overweight girls rose to 27 per cent from 13 per cent. The ranks of obese children—the kids truly in danger of getting sick-type diseases before they step believing in Santa Claus—have soared even more dramatically: 10 per cent of boys and nine per cent of girls are now considered obese, generally defined as being at least 30 per cent above ideal body weight. That's a five-fold increase from 1981. "Compared to the rest of the world, our kids are leading the pack," says Mark Tremblay, dean of kinesiology at the University of Saskatchewan. "Why now? Why, at one of the most body-conscious periods of recent history—when skinny TV stars and singers built like welterweight boxers are the youthful role models of choice—do so many young people seem to be eating themselves into an early grave? On one level the explanation is as simple as it's always been: too much fat, too little fat.



A CHANCE TO JOIN IN THE FUN

There are things Devin Trotter doesn't like to talk about. The 12-year-old is more staidly than fat but with a noticeably soft midriff. A thoughtful boy who enjoys playing golf for his hockey team, he grows quiet when asked what it was like being teased about his size at school. "It was terrible," he says. Pressed to repeat what the kids called him, Devin laughs his head and fidgets. "I don't think you want to put that in the magazine," he says.

Fortunately for Devin, he's found refuge at the Children's Exercise and Nutrition Centre

in Hamilton, where youngsters with a weight problem can experience the joys of a summer camp without the fear of being teased. Staff at the year-round counselling service, run by the Hamilton Health Sciences Corp. and McMaster University, had noticed that heavy kids tended to slum camp because they're too embarrassed to take their shirts off to go swimming. So they set up a day camp 25 years ago, says Randy Colwell, the centre's clinic manager, and as far as he knows, there's nothing like it for overnight kids anywhere else in Canada. "A lot of people are missing an opportunity here," he says.

The surge in obesity in most countries of the developed world shows it will take more than a little will power to beat back this epidemic.

Genetics is part of it, some kids are just naturally bigger than others. For others, all the good eating and active living in the world just doesn't seem to do the job. Got one obese parent? Whether it's genetics or lifestyle, there's a 50-per-cent chance



"There's a definite need to help these kids feel like they fit in."

Counselors focus on creating fun. They divide the campers into teams for their swimming program, and award points for physical activities and team toasts. The stress is on keeping everyone involved. Sacks, served mid-morning and mid-afternoon, may be "bananas"—two round cucumbers with a peanut butter filling and right short, pretzelstick legs. Kids get those snacks, so more lunch could be chicken souvlaki on a pit—with three pieces of meat, each small or like a pig-pungent kebab—and a measured

half cup of fruit juice. The point is to underline the importance of proper portions, without lecturing.

Still, only so much can be accomplished in five days of swimming, sailing and games at various recreational sites around Hamilton. What's important, says Colwell, is that the children have a good time, will some enjoyable places they might want to go back to with their families, and pick up healthy habits along the way. The effort helps large kids feel better about themselves. "Everybody's different," Devin says. "We've got to be respectful who they are." **DAVID HRADESHKA**

"Everybody's different. You've got to respect who they are." DEVIN TROTTER, 12

Canada ballooned by 200 per cent between 1977 and 1995 as parents opted for handy, cheap (and fat-rich) grab-over-the-horn-cooked variety. And while kids are indulging at home, too, as kids sit down to high sugar breakfast cereals and wash up bottles of pop in front of the TV.

Which brings up another problem—the tube. According to various studies, the average Canadian kid spends anywhere from 15 to 25 hours a week—or more—watching television, playing video games or sitting in front of the computer, time an earlier generation might have spent running around outside. As Steven Gammeter, a professor of health and social behaviour at Harvard University, points out, these children are bombarded by TV ads for high-calorie junk food. "The American TV networks," he declares, "are making your kids fat."

We can't blame the ad execs for everything. Suggestions are spreading that the low protein, high-carbohydrate diet long favoured by the health establishment may actually have contributed to obesity rates. In any case, today's food habits might have been less damaging in other times, when many more people were active enough to burn off the calories they consumed. Now, in the age of school buses, the parent tax service, dentists, exorcists and remote-control changes, it's a different story.

Only a third of young Canadians aged five to 17 are active enough for what the Canadian Fitness and Lifestyle Research Institute calls "optimal growth and development." It estimates that only one in five walks to school. Think they'll get the heart going in gym class? With physical education spending, a study as early as 1996 found only 10 per cent of Canadian schools offering gym daily. A tenth of schools had no gym class at all.

Many of today's youngsters may not even know how to play like their parents used to. Involvement in organized sports is actually increasing for many Canadian

you'll be obese, too. If both parents are obese, the odds rise to 66 per cent. Priority levels also have something to do with it. While no one has broken the numbers down province-by-province, experts say it's reasonable to conclude that the fatter kids tend to live in the places with the fatter adults—the Atlantic and Prairie provinces as well as rural Canada and Aboriginal communities—which also hap-

pen to be where incomes are the lowest in the land.

But this isn't just a question of the size of the household paycheck. It's also a matter of growing up in a world the parents of today would barely recognize. They weren't kids in the Fast Food Nation, a term author Eric Schlosser coined for the United States but is just as applicable here. Visits to fast-food restaurants in



lids. But as early as junior high school, only elite athletes—the people who least need the help—will still be lacing up the sneakers. Unstructured play, where kids used to burn most of their calories, is a dying art as children wait for parents to set up play dates with other kids or sign them up for organized activities. Playgrounds often sit empty in schoolyards, some safety-conscious administrators have limited rush time-hungry guests to tag and dodge ball. And playing kids



The Hamilton day camp lets kids lose their self-consciousness and get involved

the run on the secret owner with the kids is unheard of in neighborhood pools where parents fear a pedophile lurking around every corner. "Most Canadian kids grew up swimmer," says Peter Rattansky, a Queen's University kinesiologist and spokesman for the Heart and Stroke Foundation. "Play to them is having a Game Boy in their hand, the satellite TV

on or dad taking them to the arena and lacrosse up their slacks."

To be fair, adults are starting to notice what's happening to their kids—and what a generation of unfit youth will do to an already overburdened health care system. In April, Health Minister Anne McLellan rolled out Canada's Physical Activity Guide for Children and Youth, urging the incentive to exercise is less in terms half hour and outside time by 10 minutes each day. Forward-looking educators talk of



mandatory daily gym classes and physical "homework." Politicians ponder a "fat tax" on junk-food purveyors, and making fees for sports activities tax-deductible.

Parents are understandably permitted by what the future holds. In desperation, they sign up their pre-schoolers for play groups designed to raise their little heart rates. They spend thousands sending their children to U.S. camps specializing in helping them shed pounds in the great outdoors. And they pack their kids off to

the few child obesity clinics operating across the country, places like Hamilton's Children's Exercise and Nutrition Centre and Toronto Western Hospital's Child and Adolescent Health Unit, both of which have 500 new referrals a year.

Some parents get a little lucky. Maybe they live in Surrey, B.C., where the municipal administration has brought into the importance of keeping kids active. In the past year alone, Surrey has spent \$15 million on a new indoor pool and \$12 million



on a recreation centre. It plans to open a new artificial field annually for the next three years so its youth can play soccer, field hockey and rugby 12 months a year. Or their kids attend a school like St. James Catholic High in Guelph, Ont. The head of physical education and athletics there is Steve Priesen, a former university football and junior hockey player who is more interested in getting kids active than hanging championship banners in the school gym. By placing the emphasis on

SIX STEPS TO A HEALTHIER LIFE

For all the concerns about overweight kids, worried parents are still largely on their own in addressing the problem, particularly in the rural areas or have not regions that used to be home to the heaviest Canadians. But that doesn't mean there's no way to help little Joshua or Madison slide down far from it. The key, according to pediatricians, nutritionists, educators and exercise kinesiologists, is patience, persistence and a little common sense. Some tips:

PUSH THE KIDS OUTSIDE. Now would be a good time to start. David Bellizzi, director of the Children's Exercise and Nutrition Centre

in Hamilton, says showing your kids out the front door does two things: it multiplies their opportunities to be active since their way more to do outside, and it gets them away from the screen song of the video. "People who sit get out from different things—from the television, from closing the door after they come home from school, often," he says, "it's just looking at the refrigerator."

LET THEM HAVE FUN. Kids don't exercise to lose weight. They exercise to have fun. So let them do whatever they want—dance, dance, play tag, climb a tree, bounce the ball against the wall—just so long as they contract those muscles and burn some calories. Playing in

the water is particularly good for obese kids, since they are more buoyant, which means their size is actually an advantage. To reach the Canadian Fitness and Lifestyle Research Institute's suggested daily activity level, a child would have to, say, walk for the equivalent of an hour a day and spend another half hour doing martial arts. But don't think you have to force your over-fat child off to the gym to expend all that energy all at once. "If you break exercise down into small chunks," says exercise pediatrician Claire LeBlanc, "it's amazing how quickly you can accumulate enough minutes a day."

MAKE THEM WALK. Or ride their bike. Or scooter. Or skateboard. The point is to work

exercise into the daily routine. The easiest way is to stop chauffeuring them around. Getting them to do some chores around the house—cutting the grass, walking to the store for milk—will also do the trick.

TURN OFF THE SCREENS. Most experts say no more than two hours a day on the computer or in front of the television. Harvard's Steven Gortmaker says limiting the number of TV screens in the home helps too. Does keeping them out of the bedrooms, where it's harder to monitor use. Glen Davill, the pediatrician in charge of Toronto Western Hospital's Child and Adolescent Health unit, recommends having children put their video-game or TV time by doing, say, five or 10 minutes of exer-

cise for every half hour in front of the screen. "And when they're playing video games, don't let them have a cheat," he adds.

THROW OUT THE DIET. Most adults know the gram figure: 98 per cent of us regain most or all of the weight we lose on a diet. Since it's no different with kids, the experts say stick to the tenets of the Canada Food Guide—daily portions from the four food groups, limit fat intake—and focus on the size of portions. Their high-calorie foods don't do a lot of harm, as moderation instead, follow the rule of twenty: exposed by the Hamilton clinic before getting a second helping of a meal, a youngster must wait 20 minutes, the time it takes for the brain to sense that the stomach

is full. A couple of other tricks to keep consumption down don't feed the kids in front of the TV (because it encourages overeating), and use small plates to give the impression of big portions.

BE A ROLE MODEL. Parents are their kids' greatest influence, so practice what you preach. Start walking to work, take up a sport, watch what you eat. If it's hard for your child to be active in your neighbourhood, lobby for better street lights, safe playground equipment, more bicycle paths. If they don't get enough gym time at school, bug the principal, the school board or the provincial education minister to help you get your kids moving.

JOHN DEMERY

fun rather than competition, he convinced 70 per cent of the school's 1,900 students to sign up for phys. ed. last year. He even filled an old gym with 25 exercise bikes and rowing machines.

Then there's the pre- or post-school activities featuring New Minas, a pleasant village of 5,800 in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley. It bills itself as "the soccer capital of Atlantic Canada," but also boasts excellence youth basketball and golf programs. If any one person is responsible, it's Dave Morris, phys. ed. teacher at Emergence Middle School and the village's unofficial, unpaid recreation director. His credo: "Anything that gets the kids out and moving is good." At his school, for starters, students have gym class every day. Intramural sports are mandatory and they take place during regular class hours, not at lunch or after school.

Morris also ensures the school gym is open every night, every weekend and throughout the summer. And no one gets out from Emergence teams, ever, for example, when 72 girls come out for volleyball, as they did a few years ago. Morris had to run his legs. "As educators," he explains, "we have to take a serious look at the 92 per cent of the population who are not competitive athletes."

Jan Trivette is one. Jan, 18 months ago, her, who lives with his parents, two brothers and a sister in Winnipeg's First Nations, had 273 lbs. north of Winnipeg, was a low-energy 11-year-old whose five-foot frame weighed more than 180 lb. His main hobby? He would have said watching television, with a bag of chips and a bottle of pop beside him. Now look at him. Throughout the school year Jan walked or rode his bicycle the three-kilometre treacherous fourth-toe. He lifts weights. And now he wants someone he can paddle around Lake Winnipeg. "Idleness, for the most part, bores him. When he sits down for a snack, more than likely it's a sugar-free drink or an apple. And despite spouting five inches, he has managed to lose 33 pounds. "I should have done this long ago," says the 13-year-old, who began Grade 8 in the fall. "It was so easy."

What motivated Jan was learning that his blood sugar levels were dangerously

low. Do you find it difficult to maintain healthy eating habits and an active lifestyle? Vote on line. www.elections.ca



Parents see their youngsters off for a day of outdoor fun and adventure around Hamilton.

high. He knows he's a prime candidate for Type 2 diabetes, at epidemic levels among adult Aboriginals in the Inuit region of Nunavut where he lives. Now it's affecting the overweight young in an area where 60 per cent of the seven to 10-year-olds are considered to be obese or healthy weight. The community is fighting back its main weapon: an integrated program run by Anahamuk Mino-iyavuen, a tribe of health providers serving the seven First Nations in the area. Education is the key: teaching kids and their parents to eat healthy foods and stay active.

Most of this happens in workshops and school classrooms. But there are also healthy breakfast and lunch programs in schools, and plans are being finalized for new or upgraded community recreation facilities, with baseball diamonds, basketball courts and gymnasiums to encourage people to exercise. Getting the young to fitness requires some argument. First Nations boxing clubs from Winnipeg put on demonstrations to underline the importance of being in shape. Kids receive lessons in healthy cooking. And a

travelling theatre group is spending the summer touring intertribal communities, telling sweeteners about the dangers of diabetes. "People are starting to listen," says Jan, who's proud parent. "Whenever the approach, it's going to take discussion. Even professional diets, with all their resources, may only boast a success rate of 50 cents or less in getting obese kids down to a healthy weight. That's a hard fact to accept, watching the happy young campers at Emerald Lake goof around in the summer sunlight. Adolescence, after all, is difficult enough for the slim kids. When others mock you because you can't play ball and have to wear adult-sized clothes, it can be a right mess. "If people make fun of me," nine-year-old Jennifer Bergen says matter-of-factly as she cools off in the winding pool at Emerald Lake, "I just say worse things about them." But how hard is it to shed the pain from emotions like that? As hard as losing three extra pounds? **B**

With Danyla Hlavatshuk in Hamilton and Susan AAC/Orland in Toronto

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FEDERAL REPRESENTATION

2004

THIS IS A RECOVERY?

Making sense of volatile markets and a shaky dollar amid official optimism about the Canadian economy

HERE'S A RIDDLE: If the worth of your home is rising, but the value of your retirement nest egg is dropping, do you go ahead with those big renovations?

Well, OK, perhaps it's less a riddle and a more a personal choice. But to economists, the answer is unpredictable as it is on a collective basis—it's crucial to understanding the puzzling Canadian economy.

Until last week, Canadian had reason to feel secure, strong even. Yes, the stock market was lousy, and the corporate scandals appalling, but Canada's economy was roaring along, stronger and faster than anyone had anticipated. The loonie was on an upswing, house prices were climbing and more people than ever had jobs. Consumer confidence in June was at its highest level since 1998. That's not all: Canada's economic outlook was at the top of the Group of Seven leading industrial nations—and it has been every month since April, according to London-based Consensus Economics Inc. Then in early July, the forecasters upped their numbers, projecting the Canadian economy would power ahead at an even more scorching rate.

Reason enough, if it weren't so sad, to put thumbs to nose in a group hush.

But then the stock market plunged precipitously, Canada's dollar took the steep

est two-day nosedive since the Parti Quebecois was first elected in 1976, and extreme volatility took over on both fronts. All eyes were on Bank of Canada governor David Dodge, who midweek delivered his scheduled quarterly policy update. Unlike Alan Greenspan, his counterpart at the U.S. Federal Reserve Board, who pointed the finger in July at "too many corporate executives," Dodge was less direct. "Uncertainties associated with global corporate and financial market developments"—Dodge speaks for accounting scandals and market turbulence—could end up dampening economic growth in Canada, he cautioned. Overall, though, Dodge decided to "look through" the ups and downs of the stock market to announce he's once more bullish than he was three months ago. The risks are balanced, he said, predicting growth for Canada this year of a solid three to four per cent, up nearly a point from his forecast in April. The economy is so robust that the central bank is poised, he allowed, to raise interest rates again.

The message was soothing, likely intentionally so, and for an afternoon it helped buoy the Canadian dollar. Still, as confident as Dodge declares himself to be, it's tough to share his optimism, given the carnage in the markets. Just last week, \$25



million in value evaporated from the Toronto Stock Exchange's main index. For individual investors, the shock came earlier when they opened their second-quarter statements, often to dismal returns. In the first half of 2002, Canadian equity mutual funds, including small and large cap, and dividend funds, were trouped up poor market performance. Stripping out contributions made by investors to their hold-

ings, the value of the underbaked funds fell by more than five per cent in June, wiping out \$75 billion from May's total of \$236.9 billion, according to numbers culled for Macklem by Morningstar Research Inc., a Toronto-based investment research firm. July is expected to be even worse.

Much of the market turmoil has been caused by the seemingly unending pro-

cession of corporate windings—Enron, Adelphia and WorldCom, to name just a few—and that adds a new unquantifiable element to economic forecasts. The markets are often indicators of conditions to come, says Peter Drake, deputy chief economist of Toronto Dominion Bank, and "they sometimes act like a seismograph they know everything." In a clear market, Drake adds, it's the only way to properly price a stock. "Markets now believe they are acting without sufficiently good information. It's one of the biggest problems we've got."

How do you factor in the intangible of trust, asks Tim O'Neill, chief economist of the Bank of Montreal. "The problem is we don't know—and we can't know." Suddenly, but not surprisingly, trust has become an issue—and it could be the factor that makes or breaks economic growth in Canada.

O'Neill is an optimist, and despite his words of caution, his Dodge he's positive about the outlook for the Canadian economy. The fundamentals are solid, he says, pointing to low interest rates, a resilient housing market and job creation at a spectacular high of 740,000 in the first half of 2002. As well, O'Neill is convinced the stock market is at its low point—"except for the most concerning, unanticipated

crisis of corporate windings—Enron, Adelphia and WorldCom, to name just a few—and that adds a new unquantifiable element to economic forecasts. The markets are often indicators of conditions to come, says Peter Drake, deputy chief economist of Toronto Dominion Bank, and "they sometimes act like a seismograph they know everything." In a clear market, Drake adds, it's the only way to properly price a stock. "Markets now believe they are acting without sufficiently good information. It's one of the biggest problems we've got."

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REALITY CHECK

How are your savings funds in these turbulent times? We asked Morningstar Canada to crunch some mutual fund numbers for us. We picked Canada's 10 largest fund companies and asked:

If you'd invested \$1 million in 1992 in the top-performing Canadian equity-based mutual fund, what would the value of your investment be today?

MUTUAL FUND NAME	PERFORMING AS OF APRIL 30, 2002	VALUE OF \$1 MILLION INVESTED IN 1992	PERCENTAGE CHANGE
Canadian Fund	\$1.4 billion	\$950	146
Fidelity's Ontario	\$1.2 billion	\$705	144
Investment by Canadian	\$1.1 billion	\$705	114
Metropolitan Investment Growth	\$1.1 billion	\$705	114
Metropolitan Equity Growth	\$1.1 billion	\$705	114
Metropolitan Equity Growth	\$1.1 billion	\$705	114
Metropolitan Equity Growth	\$1.1 billion	\$705	114
Metropolitan Equity Growth	\$1.1 billion	\$705	114
Metropolitan Equity Growth	\$1.1 billion	\$705	114
Metropolitan Equity Growth	\$1.1 billion	\$705	114

THE PROPHECY

Shortly after year-end 2001, Federal Reserve Board chairman Alan Greenspan raised a yellow caution flag over the stock market, warning by question whether anyone would be able to determine when company stock prices had become so irrational that a serious downturn was inevitable.

Dec. 5, 1999

"How do we know when irrational exuberance has unduly inflated asset values, which then become subject to unexpected and prolonged contractions as they have in Japan over the past decade?"

In his July 2002 speech in Cambridge, Greenspan followed them saying "I told you so" as he explained the current asset-winding stock-market crisis.

July 16, 2002 (as investors began to panic to get out of the business community. Our analysts gathered the financial information was seen as a relief. The only good news in the current market was "billion" some of those stock market gains.)

ACCOUNTING FOR ETHICS

S&P 500 composite index



Headline composite index



Dow Jones Industrial average





A PAINFUL LESSON

Remember, when faced with a bear market, a bull market will eventually follow

THIS IS, for millions of North American investors, their first bear market. For many, it will be their last, because they will invest off-market early.

That is an understandable reaction. Nothing the column says will change the minds of the deeply betrayed who have lost heavily while reading tales of insider trading billions. The system, they conclude, is rigged. As an investment professional who has survived four bear markets, I am not predisposed to agree that giving up stocks is the equivalent for personal financial health of the headfirst effort from giving up cigarettes, unpaid drug and unsafe sex. This column is for those who want to learn from an experience for which they have, involuntarily, paid dearly.

Like many novice investors, you have read a few books about the stock market, perhaps bought a video about investing and have scattered returns offered by stockbrokers and mutual fund promoters. If some of these returns were delivered by smooth talking expatriate full-colour PowerPoint programs with charts showing how much money can be made easily by equity investing, you may have found it hard to resist putting all your money into stocks the next morning. I've sat through some of those, and even I sometimes found myself giving carried away (in the interest of full disclosure, I've spoken at numerous investment conferences and seminars, but I use neither notes nor slides, and am not sure enough to manage PowerPoint).

These things come and go. During the same phase of the long bull market, seminars by some of the top gilders were major events, and one could smell the greed and lust in the auditorium. But now, for at least some of these superb salesmen, it's summed up in the words of Johnny Rotten, "Don't get around much anymore."

But they'll be back when the next bull

comes. Between now and then, perhaps you can become an informed consumer. Here are a few pointers for those who want to do well in the next bull market—and keep those profits.

1. Remember the first rule of wealth accumulation: Don't lose money. The second rule? Remember the first.

2. Don't fall for academics selling you about "the efficient market," which means you should buy supposedly lower risk index funds that mirror the returns of market indices. With Nasdaq down 75 per cent since its March, 2000 peak, it's absurd to talk about an efficient market, since the whole purpose of a market is clear and reliable price discovery mechanisms. Index funds can be very, very risky. Don't ever forget that Nasdaq was once 35 per cent of the weight of the Toronto Stock Exchange—and it fell 98 per cent thereafter.

3. Total corporate profits grow roughly at the rate of GDP over the long term. But that average means a subject to swings because of changes in the rates of economic growth, inflation, interest rates, currency and commodity values and government policies. Corporate profits simply cannot grow at double-digit rates for long, otherwise the corporate sector would dramatically increase its weight in GDP, which has never happened—and it never will. Don't believe pitches who tell you stocks can earn double-digit returns forever.

4. Manageable expectations. A famous oil patch bumper sticker during the oil

bust years read "Lord, give me one more oil boom! I promise not to screw up this time."

5. You'll get another chance to make serious money in stocks. When you've had a few fat years, expect the lean years to follow. They always have and they always will.

6. Don't drive by the nearest mirror. Each stock market cycle is led by different sectors. What worked last time is unlikely to work as well the next time—and may be an absolute disaster. Think of the terrible performance of gold stocks during the best-ever bull market—the dot-com era—1997-2000.

7. Dividends really matter. Return-on-cost of dividends provided roughly two-thirds of the total returns on U.S. stocks since the 1920s. It makes sense to take advantage of the dividend reinvestment option of your stocks and mutual funds. It's low-cost dollar averaging.

8. Diversification is a must. It's always tempting to bet the house on an issue class that's performing splendidly. Don't. One of the oldest and most reliable stock maxims says, "Don't put your eggs in the basket." Bonds always have a place in long-term portfolios. Long-term government bonds give you a hedge against collapsing stock prices and deflation. Gold stocks hedge you against a plunge in the rest of the market.

9. You paid a lot to earn a satisfactory risk-adjusted real rate of return over the long term. Risk-adjusted means allowing for how big were your bets and how wide were the swings in your returns. *Klimakatastrophe* deducting inflation (or, maybe, after adding deflation). Expenses are permitted to earn what is called "the equity risk premium." That means stocks should earn at least 2.5 per cent to three per cent more than government bonds over the long term. That's your longer-term reward for holding a riskier asset class. Yes, you did hear as much as you should have during the 1990s about the dramatic complications of the equity risk premium. But're learning now.

10. A bull follows every bear.

11. Don't forget that.

Donald Coxie is chairman of Metro Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Doris Investment Management. His column appears every week. DONALD@DORIS.MG.COM

IS IT A MAN'S WORLD?

The issue is if Eleanor Clitheroe got a rough ride because she's female

"WAS THAT THE \$6 MILLION woman?" the cop asked with a sneer. He was standing around with a few other officers at Toronto's Metro Convention Centre after a luncheon speech by Hydro One Inc. CEO Eleanor Clitheroe. It was about a month before her ugly public dismissal, and Clitheroe was already famous for the price of her golden parachute. It made me feel better to see the officers laugh and shake their heads in disgust. I'd been suffering a few pain points for participating in the stock pitch that closed this day, nervous women over her car. Sure, she is our own hometown poster child for corporate greed. But I had a gnawing suspicion that if Clitheroe were a man, the overpaid salary would have to have a lot more zeroes to earn this kind of scorn.

Clitheroe's handlers had the good sense not to chauffeur her in the taxpayer-funded Mercedes station wagon, bought with her \$214,000 annual car allowance. Instead, they loaded her into a Dodge Durango while we rolled our cameras and cameras. "Doesn't your husband have a car?" one of the people of Ontario? No? It was then the Dodge was from a limousine service, and Clitheroe spent \$336,000 to be driven around in this \$45,000 vehicle with her children and their nanny. Hydro's new board of directors says that was one of a long list of spending abuses that prompted her dismissal on July 19. But according to a former Hydro board member, Clitheroe got the limo service after declining to take maternity leave. The idea was to allow her to work while she was in crisis with her family.

Meanwhile under the old board, the company authorized \$1.5 million to renovate a company-owned home which was used by its Nova Scotia-based chairman Sir Gordon Gray when he came to Toronto. This revelation was relegated to the inside pages and barely caused a ripple. Clitheroe's no-frills automotive taste grabbed the headlines and sparked one of the rarest things in Canadian corporate history:



Her limousine allowance sparked one of the rarest things in Canadian business history

While Clitheroe's situation is cruel, it barely compares to the treatment Martha Stewart is getting. You may hate the domestic diva for those trendy recipes and that veneer of perfection, but her hey demagogue doesn't justify the feeding frenzy her insider trading case has sparked. Granted, it doesn't look good that Martha sold those InCase shares just a day before the U.S. Food and Drug Administration rejected the company's cancer drug. But she's been pilloried in the media and shamed more than the man at the centre of the scandal, former InCase Systems Inc. CEO Sam Winkler. You may think that's simply because Martha is much more famous than Winkler. But there has to be more to the

unbilled pleasure the public is taking in watching this overwoman go down.

According to Anne Fowler, managing partner at Toronto-based executive search firm Caldwell Persson International Inc., when high-profile business people make mistakes, one of the things that distinguishes "how tough, how vicious and how persistent" the attacks are is how bleh the individual is. "Where none come in for a concerted attack," she says, "it's not so much about male or female, but what is their base of support, and who likes them. A lot of people are offended by Martha Stewart, there's that new unfattering book about her, and a considerable body of ill will."

If this is a question of popularity, and not sexism, how do we explain the case of Carly Fiorino? She became an icon after taking over the helm of Internet-Packet Co. in July, 1999. The promotion came eight months after Fiorino announced her as the most powerful woman in Corporate America, one of dozens of glowing media profiles that made her into the ultimate celebrity CEO. When Fiorino proposed a merger with Compaq, she was hailed as a visionary. But despite her success in carrying off the largest technology merger in history, Fiorino's reputation is

After playing by men's rules, some women CEOs found that very style has fallen into disrepute, and the trappings of their success are seen as greed



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in tactics and his leadership in under fire. Portman's badge against the Howard-Parkland team who opposed the deal exposed her ruthless nature, which may be why her former adoring publican on the left (at least that's the conclusion I came to) but no one I spoke to in the financial community, neither men nor women, believed that gender had anything to do with it.

So I decided to see what Sam thought. Sam Zeman is my younger brother. He has a sophisticated, insider's view of this stuff because he's in the venture capital business. His firm, Vancouver-based Venture West Capital Ltd., has become famous in high-tech circles for decades. Sam's a crassly-gracious capitalist, and someone of a feministic as any man I know.

"No way," he said. "Portman barely squeaked by, and it wasn't a convincing victory. She was against a disorganized opposition, and it was done with the sort of regulatory fiddles, the whole business is on the tank. Today, the US\$20 billion merger does not look like a smart thing."

Cliftone will lose her \$2.2 million pay package, \$6 million severance, and her \$1.2 million annual pension will be whittled down to \$150,000. "If it were a guy, this would get the same headlines," said Sam. "This looks very much like a guy playing an old guy game."

And this doesn't necessarily bother some women who consider Cliftone a role model. "You get to a certain level, and you own the salary you're making," said Chris Demer, a member of the audience at Cliftone's speech. "She, hey, keep it. If they gave a man a \$1 million, 'Maureen, look head up!' 'The salary suit is not in any way something that she has done monetarily.' Lady had said. 'It's the people that offend it.'"

Despite their abilities, Blomgren, Cliftone, Martha Stewart and Carly Fiorina all have trouble staying. After playing by men's rules and molding themselves into hyper-aggressive CEOs, they found the very executive style they chose has fallen into disrepute, and the trappings of their success are seen as signs of greed. The road from hero to zero may be shorter for a woman. But in the post-Enron era, all these supercharged corporate stars are fleeing out together.

Libby Zeman is a money specialist for Ohio and business editor for *Wired* news Cliftone@44.com.

Column | ALLAN FOTTERBERGH



AMONG THE GIANTS

A Redwood forest is where the world's most powerful gather every year

SO, YOU SEE, one night in 1872 five brief reports at the old San Francisco Examiner gathered in a garage left to promote good fellowship (i.e. booze-ups) and, according to their credo, "to help elevate journalism to that place in the popular estimation to which it is entitled." Good luck. They were "the Bohemian Club" and assumed rather too much attention.

First, the membership was extended to showboats, people, followed by businessmen and, by 1878, the year of the first "Grove" party in the woods, the journalists were already on their way out. Since then, "the greatest men's party on earth," according to President Herbert Hoover, has been accused of everything from kidnapping, rape, ritual murder, David ceremonies and sacrifice of children. "What night," you scribbler enquired on arriving, "do we eat the babies?"

The Bohemian Grove, in the magnificent Redwood Forest on a hour north of San Francisco, is indeed the world's most prestigious summer camp, laid out over two weeks in July. Spread over more than 1,000 hectares to accommodate its 2,200 members, it has 125 "camps" along four miles of the ironically named Russian River. (So tried a couple of centuries ago when Russians, coming from Siberia, came this far south it was for poets.)

In truth, it's a wonderful example of why men have gay parties and women have baby showers. These 2,200 guys gather to celebrate what they call "the spirit of Bohemia," said Peter Phillips, a Sonoma State University sociology professor who wrote his doctoral dissertation on the Bohemian Club. "This is a place men can go and hang out with people who are similar to them." Academics who need distractions will study anything. Wonder what he said about the Rotary Club?

Peer membership lists future such as William F. Buckley Jr., Merv Griffin, Edward Teller, one Ronald Reagan, Gerald Ford, Casper Weinberger. The 1971 year-

book shows someone sitting cross-legged on the floor identified as Lester (Mike) Pearson. Every single Republican president since Hoover has been a member.

Even more impressive than the guest list, perhaps, is the Redwood Forest surrounding the site. There is a stamp displayed, perhaps two metres across, that shows in history by the maps growing out from its core. At the year 890, Charlemagne was crowned emperor at 853, the first built was printed in China. The ring marking 935: the rest of Russia finalized. At 1300: Aztec civilization in Mexico. The growth ring signalling 1395: Shakespeare composed *Romeo and Juliet*. And so it goes, a piece of Redwood stamp providing a fascinating history lesson, from Leif Lincoln landing in North America in 1000 to Joan of Arc burned at the stake in 1431 to Leonardo da Vinci completing the Mona Lisa in 1506 to Mozart born in 1756 to gold discovered in California in 1848 to Hitler invading Poland in 1939 to the end of World War II in 1945. Strange what you can learn from a tree.

The oldest tree in this forest is 1,400 years old. It is 99 m high. This is almost as impressive as the lengths of corporate jets at the nearby Santa Rosa airport. The forest is mind-boggling, the trees never-ending, the conservation the same. The music, the most surprising aspect, is day (and sometimes night) long. Jazz quartets, classical groups, symphony orchestras manned by types who gave up the saxophone at university to become millionaires instead. (The reason why this is the

most private summer camp on the globe is, of course, journalists are banned. You scribbler smuggled himself in disguised as a chaperone.)

Most dazzling are the speakers. At noon every day, an organ concert followed by a distinguished orator standing beside a 180 m long lake covered with water lilies, an obvious imitation of Monet's famous pond at Giverny northwest of Paris. One day, a brilliant American academic who explains Washington's shock attitude to Cuba. Another day, a Broadway producer who proves, in controversial fashion, the surprising link between Shakespeare and Broadway musicals. Someone else, on another stage, intoning about "The Music and Poetry of the Harlem Renaissance." Imagine more than 2,000 grown men lying on the grass in their shirts in the sunshine around Monet's little lake.

One morning, there appear at breakfast the senior Bush and Henry Kissinger—who, over the years, performed the previous evening in a waltz-on-partis along a jet called *Blazing Locomotive*, involving the Russians going to go to war in 1874 with the local Indians over beaver trapping. The table includes David Rockefeller, former U.S. secretary of state George Shultz and present Secretary of Commerce Don Evans, a Texas who is Dubai's best friend. Brian Mulroney, at the last minute, had to cancel. I told.

Kissinger, as ever, goes on forever, displaying his wisdom over world affairs going back to a 16th-century treaty, not disconcerted at all by the lead singer who playfully runs his fingers through the speaker's spring locks. Senior Bush is the most surprising of all, looking fit and tanned and 10 years younger than when he was president. And very witty and scholarly, explaining why he can't interfere with his son. None of which your scribbler can report here, of course, because I'm a chaperone.

In all, a most gratifying experience. If 2,200 of the richest and most powerful men in the most powerful empire since Rome want to get up against trees while in their pyjamas, they do it in style. I'm voting for it. To my surprise, you scribbler thinks the Bohemian Grove is a great gem.

Allan Fotterbergh appears every other week: afotter@philly.com



THE JOYS OF EXCESS

Monster homes, SUVs, TVs, yachts: bigger is better—or is it?

BACK IN 1904, a banker named James Brockbridge moved his family into a gorgeous new brick home on one of the most sought-after streets in Rosedale, a leafy enclave in the centre of Toronto. Over the years, the rambling, three-story house was home to a couple of other families, including famed minister J.J. Robison, his wife and their three children. But the home isn't there anymore. The next-door neighbours bought it and tore it down so they could put an addition on their already substantial home. They also bought and demolished two even bigger houses immediately behind them for yet more additions that are currently under construction.

As conspicuous consumption goes, that's tough to beat. But nowadays, even with the uncertainties of the stock market, the competition is fierce. Just two blocks away, someone bought a pair of century-old homes on a vast, wide-by-side lot, ripped them down and is erecting what, at a projected 2,500 square feet, could easily be termed a single-family dwelling. It will not only be the biggest house on the block; it will tower over the elementary school directly across the street. Still, that place is tiny compared to the \$16-million, 48,500-square-foot lakeside home that a businessman has planned for himself, his wife and their one child in suburban Oakville. And so on—in Calgary, Montreal, Vancouver, wherever, the stakes are the same. Bigger is better, and spare no expense. Much, someone recently paid \$10 million for a lakeside chalet in Whistler, B.C., which begs the question: how many hot tubs do you get for 10 million bucks?

And it's not just monster homes. It's monster cars, too. One upstart in the sports-utility market has promised automotive companies to produce vehicles with the square footage and creature comfort of two money coaches. Luxury car manufacturers such as Mercedes-Benz Canada, BMW Canada and Infiniti have



all reported record sales in the first months of 2002. There's hot demand for mega-yachts and money/no-object holiday packages, and there seems no limit on what people will spend for big-screen home-entertainment units. You've got to fill these vast bedrooms with something.

Have the rich gone mad? The numbers should say yes, but the experts who track such things say no. In the last two decades, while low and middle-income psyches remained stark or deflated, the country's top earners saw their incomes more than double. (That was partly due to compa-

ny's generous outlay of stock options, a practice that, in the post-Enron world, is in tatters.) At any rate, all they're doing now is spending at comparatively lavish levels. And if you believe Adam Smith, the noted 18th-century Scottish economist, the never-ending craving for ultra-luxurious goods is actually a good thing. It was Smith 200-odd years ago who suggested that the pursuit of individual self-interest would ultimately produce gains for society as a whole. Free markets create wealthier consumers, he argued, and free-spending pays more cash in more pockets.

Many wealthy people are distant about it, but there have always been those who are willing to throw money around like confetti. The term "conspicuous consumption," in fact, was coined more than a century ago by an economic University of Chicago economist named Thorstein Bunde Veblen, and the practice has likely been going on forever. And as in the past, the current luxury-goods craze has boosted, as Smith promised, the fortunes of countless car dealers and retailers and industries and industries.

But others argue that there are costs that don't get paid by the conspicuous consumers, and that whatever benefits free-spending offers, conspicuousness and SUVs are expensive go-guzzlers that deplete resources and release far more pollutants into waterways and the atmosphere than do smaller cars and boats. There is enormous waste when one monster home replaces two, three or even four pre-existing houses. In many cases, more people are forced to commute, and a street loses some diversity. And that kind of sprawling neighbourhood imperialism can tear at local heritage and destroy historically significant architecture. More precisely for people nearby, demolition and construction projects produce months and sometimes years of annoying noise, dirt and disruption.

Look-at-me displays of wealth may seem vulgar to some, but for those in the dough, it's all relative. For example, Ed Cates' 65,000-square-foot home sounds positively Versailles-like, but it's still smaller (by nearly 30,000 square feet) than the behemoth built for another Montrealer, Paul Allen. Perhaps Mr. Allen was thinking of having his football team, the Seattle Seahawks, play their home games at, well, home. Anyway, from that perspective, your neighbour's renovation suddenly appears restrained.

While conspicuous consumption may well enhance the economy, it's of no use to the people doing the spending if they're working too hard to enjoy their new toys

All of the excess would be less problem if it weren't for the desire of others to keep up. Not everyone is driven by the consumer urge, but there's still a lot of house envy (or car envy or you name it) out there, and that's the unidirectional downside of conspicuous consumption, says Robert Frank, a Cornell University economics professor and author of *Luxury Fever: Money and Happiness in an Era of Excess*. As the luxury bar gets set so much higher, he says, it tends to make less affluent people feel that they're falling behind—this circumstance may not have declined, but the gap between them and the rich is greater.

And while baby boomers may once have seen themselves as anti-consumers, Woodhouse, who got over it while watching *Dynasty* and *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, may not compete with the big-money set, but they're doing their best to transform their 25-foot lots. The average square footage of a North American home has increased by more than 50 per cent in the last 30 years. That means more expensive mortgages and property taxes, and higher costs for everything from utilities to yard care. And you're supporting a life that's keeping up with others nearby—the car, the schools, the built-in fridge. "How do you afford it?" Frank asks. "Well, you have both parents working, you commute longer distances, you work longer hours, you save less and you borrow more." And that's had mainly by the spending in the top. "When everyone else builds bigger," he adds, "the main effect of that is to make you feel that you need to build bigger, too."

And for what? It seems荒唐 because while conspicuous consumption may well enhance the economy, it's of no use to the people doing the spending if they're working too hard to enjoy the bigger houses and cars and TVs. And the money that's being spent keeping up could be used in other ways—everything from longer family holidays to charitable contributions that enhance both domestic and community affairs. "The resources that it takes to build bigger," Frank says, "could be used for other things that, on objective grounds, would make more of a difference." Less of the good life to make a better life? It's a lovely concept, but not everyone's buying it.

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SOCCKER FIELD WISDOM

Canada's most successful NDP politician finds new ways to keep in touch

NEARLY THREE YEARS after being elected, Manitoba Premier Gary Doer's NDP government continues to ride high in the polls, easily making Doer, 54, Canada's most successful recent democratic politician. In Manitoba, he has shown a knack for negotiating a middle way between the province's entrenched business and labour interests. On the national scene, he has been increasingly outspoken on issues such as the Kyoto accord and the future of health care, while offering unsolicited advice to his counterparts in the federal NDP, who are now in the process of selecting a new leader. Before heading to Halifax this week for the annual premiers' conference from July 31 to Aug. 2, Doer talked with Maclean's Calgary Bureau Chief Brian Kergason about politics and his attempts to balance the demands of political life with those of his young family (Doer and his wife, Gerry Deslaur, who runs her own polling firm, have two daughters, Emily, 12, and Kate, 7). *Excerpt*

You've said the NDP can't really achieve anything unless it's in government. Do you really foresee an NDP government in Ottawa anytime soon?

Anything is possible. Given the current five-party system in Ottawa, winning the balance of power, or more power through more seats, is a good starting point. I find these scenarios that we should be a party of principle as opposed to a party of power to be a bit contradictory. How can you implement your principles if you don't have power? You can't set the minimum wage or reform workplace safety laws or make other changes for working people unless you have power.

Some argue that the party needs to tilt more to the left to be relevant across the country, and not just as milo of the Liberals. Your view?

Those old definitions are changing lots



times that politicians and journalists use, but the public does not. They are meaningless to families going to a soccer game tonight in Calgary, Winnipeg or Toronto. Take, for example, an education and training strategy that makes colleges and universities more affordable and expands courses on the new high-tech areas. That is not a right/left issue. The business community wants that; the public and working families want it too. We should be relevant, but we should not get caught up in some high school debate about what is better than left, and worse than you.

One of the first acts of your government was to ban both unions and corporations from making donations to political parties. Is that another example of an issue that cuts across ideological lines?

Yes. Look at the recent scandals in Ottawa and all the criticism issued to companies that have made major political donations to the government. We brought this bill in as soon as we were elected because I know money-begging governments can make more money. At the same time, I think the public wants to know that we're passing workplace safety

and health reforms not because we're getting a cheque from a union, but because it will prevent deaths at the workplace. I think it's wide open for the Prime Minister and provincial premiers to pass similar legislation. It's one way to make the public less cynical.

You've come out strongly in favour of ratifying the Kyoto accord [that would require Canada to cut greenhouse emissions by six per cent by 2012]. But isn't it rather easy as premier of Manitoba, which depends on clean hydroelectricity rather than oil and gas, to take that position? Would you still favour the accord if you were premier of Alberta?

We believe in the economic benefits, as well as the environmental ones, that will come from ratification. We agree with Alberta that no region should be disproportionately affected. We believe that Canadian energy credits for hydroelectricity exports to the United States, which benefit Manitoba, can be used to offset some of the petrochemical challenges faced by Alberta. In other words, we should take a rational view rather than looking at the provinces as 30 separate McDonald's franchises. That's not my view of Canada.

You've been a strong advocate for preserving Canada's publicly funded healthcare system. Is there any role for private, pay-as-you-go healthcare?

We should evaluate things not on the basis of ideology, but results. We're not afraid of a debate on cost effectiveness. All provinces have a portion of their services in the so-called private sector. But when you compare X and Y programs and look at the medical results and the costs, our research shows a public system can perform quite well—so long as it is able and has some market realities to it. When we came into office, the province was

picking up the deficits wherever a hospital ran one. On the other hand, if hospitals ran a surplus, that would be closed back. We changed it so they can keep their surpluses, but at the same time they can't run deficits. So we are not talking about the status quo. We need to constantly move costs and resources where we are doing

You have strong opinions about where the country should head and the NDP's role in getting there. The leadership has opened up at the federal level—why not go for it? [Laughing] I've got a pretty good job right now. Instead of curling from behind the glass, as they say, it shows you to be on the ice. You have the ability to make real changes.

When we spoke three years ago, just after you were elected premier, you said you used to be something of a workaholic, but that in recent years you discovered the need for a balance between work and family life. You were determined, as premier, to maintain that balance for yourself and your fellow cabinet ministers. How's that going?

Well, the legislature was still sitting in July, so you got me. We do keep reminding ourselves that you are only dealt so crazy summers in your lifetime and here we are working through another one. So my pool has not yet been achieved. I do find when I go to my daughters' soccer games or dancing or swimming lessons, it is much better, with respect, than reading edicts. Standing on a soccer field with real people telling me what they really think is better for my job, and my family, than sitting around trying to argue with an official writer.

Speaking of the soccer field, here's the most important question of all, at least for the residents of Winnipeg. Your government committed \$600,000 this year to combat the city's mosquito problem through a program of spraying. Do these still seem to be a lot of spraying going on. Are you committed to multi-year funding to eliminate this pest?

Yeah, we want to use science to reduce mosquito populations not just in Winnipeg, but other centres as well. We're going to stick with it. If we can go to the moon, we can figure out a way to reduce the mosquito population.

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ROGERS



CELLPHONE MADNESS

No way my 12-year-old is getting one, even if she views it as a 'vital necessity'

THE VERDICT IS IN, and I'm giddy. I'm dreading my present the most important of all adolescent needs. The very essence of her existence is being damaged, and all because I refuse to grant her this vital necessity for health and well-being—a cellphone.

It seems that a cellphone is the only thing my child is lacking in her quest for safety and security in a person. With a cellphone, she insists, we could contact her any time we needed her, she could call home when she's going to be late, she would gain instant social status and acceptance among her peers.

She knows not what she wishes for. For months, years even, I'd suffered a bad case of electronic creep. I'd watch as friends casually pulled a fido from their purse, calling home to check on the kids, or touching base with the office. A melodic beeping might interrupt our conversations, and they'd gracefully excuse themselves to take a call. Often, it was proving disastrous, like the fact that they needed to stop on the way home for milk.

I wanted a cellphone. They were such cute, compact little handies, in every colour of the rainbow. So sleek, so stream-lined. They bore absolutely no resemblance whatsoever to the chunky "be phone" my dad had acquired back in the 1980s. This was the future! This was technology! I needed one.

Just think—with a cellphone I could call home from the supermarket to see if we were out of sugar. I could instantly measure the car to pick up a child at the roller rink. I could call radio shows to voice my opinion, even when I wasn't home.

Last fall, finding myself newly employed in the publishing industry, I decided I could finally validate my long-standing wish to be one of the in-crowd. Armed with 200 free minutes and an instruction manual the size of an encyclopedia, I ventured into the world, technologically equipped at last.

Arriving home with my new toy, I mean what communication tool, I spent 30 min-

utes choosing my ring. Was the *Millies Will Oversee* too pretentious, too assuming? Should I opt for a short beep beep-beep, or should I choose a ring that sounded like the *Number 1* dial? The first five rings of the *Beater's* Saturday would have been cool, but that wasn't an option.

Programming names and numbers into my phone was more challenging. I got as far as "Mom" and gave up. Even now, I'm not too sure how that works—when I punch in her number, her name comes up, but to what? I know who I'm calling. Basically, I know how to call out, and how to answer when someone calls in. That's enough.

And speaking of calling in, for the first two weeks no one did. I was never interrupted by the cell's chime, no one called to see if I was wondering the city silently. No one called at all. So, I decided to give my number out to a few people. I learned to casually and brief encounters with, "Here's my cell number if you need to reach me." I'd scribble it on the back of a business card and hand it over. I'd leave messages with

people: "Call me when you get in—if I'm out, call me on my cell, here's the number." And people started to call.

They called while I was in the car, the checkout line, and while I was having my hair cut. And I didn't need to be out some where for someone to call in. One Saturday night, at 3 a.m., I stumbled to the living room, searching wildly. My phone was ringing. It was a wrong number.

My husband called—that was nice. As I sat in a school principal's office, seriously outlining the inherent value in sharing our child-raising philosophy with parents, hubby called to remind me to buy down cleaner. He called right in the middle of me being cleared through Canada Customs—that drew an odd look. He called one day as I was coming in the front door. I waved at him, sitting at the dining room table, and said, "It'll be home soon?"

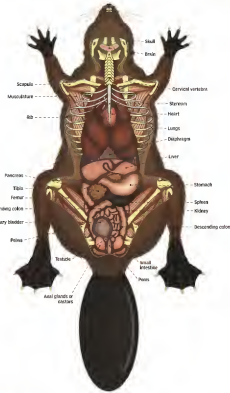
As I became easier to track, people became more concerned when I couldn't be. Once content to leave a message at home, people now went to great lengths to track me down. I would receive e-mails: "I tried your cell, but you didn't answer. Everything OK?" If I was tying up the home line, I'd hear my bristling ringtone from another room.

My five-year-old, adding to her address book one day, proudly showed me first under "Mom," there's a home number, a work number, a fax number and a cell number. The irony is that I work at home, in the basement, and it's easier for someone to yell, "Hey, you?" if they want my attention.

So even though the state of Michigan across the river is considering legislation that would guarantee children the right to carry cellphones on school property, I'm holding my ground. My 12-year-old doesn't need one—I know where to find her—and she knows where to find me. Besides, it's a rule in our house that children don't get the technology until the parents have mastered it, and I still don't know how to text message.

Her 10-year-old sister agrees that a cellphone isn't a basic need. A Palm hand-held, on the other hand, would make it easy for her to keep track of her Girl Guide meetings.

Shelley Divinich Naggert is based in Windsor, Ont. To comment: overtoyou@maclean.ca



CHOOSING SUICIDE

Right-to-die activists are fighting new battles

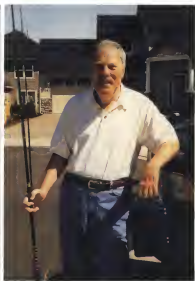
JIM ROMNEY is going fishing. At 57, the former Oregon high school principal and superintendent looks the very model of a retired fisher for early retirement. The kitchen of his new home in Tualatin, south of Portland, is awash in sunshine and the rich scent of brewing coffee. His fishing tackle is at the ready. But Romney, in his suit, manner-of-fact way, is discussing his plans for suicide.

"I want to live forever, of course," says Romney, who was diagnosed a year ago in June with *ALS* (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis). The ultimately fatal disease will gradually destroy all voluntary muscle control, leaving him paralyzed. "By the same token, I don't want to live a life without any dignity, and I don't want to die without dignity," he says firmly. "It's a matter of choice."

In Oregon—the domain of the Irish administration, the Roman Catholic Church and the religious right—there is indeed a choice. It's the only jurisdiction in the U.S. or Canada allowing the terminally ill—defined to people with less than six months to live—the option of doctor-assisted suicide. Oregon's Death with Dignity Act came into force in 1997, after two state-wide initiatives approved the measure.

The law, first proposed in 1994, has been in and out of its own death bed for eight years. It has survived several court challenges, a repeal effort and two attempts by Congress to override it. The latest challenge comes from U.S. Attorney General John Ashcroft, whose own warring religious beliefs are forged in the fiery teachings of the *Assembly of God*, an arm of the Pentecostal church. Ashcroft tried to overturn the state law by declaring that assisted suicide was not "a legitimate medical purpose." In April, a federal judge rejected his authority to interfere, but Ashcroft's department will appeal.

Amid such fierce opposition, no other



When the time comes, Romney plans to have a single-malt Scotch, "and off we go."

state or provincial legislature—or the Parliament of Canada—have enacted similar laws. But in Canada—where coast-to-coast suffering suicide is a crime punishable by up to 14 years in jail—the issue has again been forced into the public arena. Evelyn Martens, a 73-year-old Victoria-area woman and member of the Right to Die Network of Canada, has been charged with aiding and counselling the suicides of two B.C. women. Martens faces a preliminary hearing starting on Nov. 13.

The case is certain to resurrect many of

the wrenching issues raised in 1993 by Sue Rodriguez, a Victoria mother dying of *ALS*. Then, the Supreme Court of Canada narrowly rejected her bid to have a doctor speed her death. In 1995, a Senate committee, after 14 months of hearings, opposed changing the laws by a narrow margin. The reasons cited were that those who have long divided the population: opposition to suicide on religious and moral grounds; the ethical and legal concerns of doctors; and fears that suicide might make the murder of the disabled, the weak and the vulnerable in society.

Rodriguez, however, was already dead when the Senate released its report. Her

suicide was initiated by a doctor, who was not identified in a subsequent investigation. Such deaths are widespread despite the law, say Canadian proponents of assisted suicide. Driving the issue underground causes bottled suicides and places a huge burden on surviving family members, who can expect an investigation (no any an natural death), says Ruth von Fuchs, 61, a Toronto reference librarian and spokeswoman for the Right to Die Network. "People who are tired and weak and frightened are given reasons to be more frightened and more isolated," she says. "People don't deserve that; dying is not a crime."

The network, which is raising funds for Martens's defense, offers support for the dying, lobbies for changes in the law, and operates DeathNET, an Internet information clearing house on the issue. It also sells to adult members a series of booklets called *The Art and Science of Suicide*. The provision of information isn't a crime, says von Fuchs. "The book about carbon monoxide tells people what kind of hose to buy," she says. Another explains how sedated people can use a bag to end their lives by rebreathing their own oxygen-depleted air. The network even sells a bag with "some slight improvements over a garbage bag or a large freezer bag." Legally, selling such materials is "getting a little more into the doubtful area," she concedes, "but what we regard ourselves as doing is not a new move from shopping."

The Oregon act requires that mentally competent, terminally ill adults, after consultation with two physicians, take their own final dose of medication. It is not as sweeping in cultural laws in the Netherlands and Belgium, which allow another individual—a doctor—to cause the death.

When Romney faced his impending death, he sought help from Compassion in Dying. The Oregon office of the non-profit agency is located in a three-story building on a leafy side street in Portland neighborhood of ethnic restaurants and funky antique shops. There's a place in the adjoining lot for "customer parking" but there's no identifying sign. The organization, and those seeking its services, have no wish to confront right-to-life pickets, who consider suicide to be as morally wrong as abortion.

George Highmyer, 61, a lawyer and executive director of the Oregon office, deals

New charges in B.C. are certain to resurrect many of the wrenching issues raised around the 1994 suicide of Sue Rodriguez, who was dying of ALS



Rodriguez and activists, including John Ashcroft, couldn't get legal permission

with death and dying on a daily basis. While many people the organization took care will eventually swallow their prescription—usually a fast-acting barbiturate like Nembutal—"some of them will never use it," he says. "Some just find comfort in going through the process."

Highmyer, who has attended 14 "hastened deaths," says most dispassionately into a final coma, surrounded by family or friends. Most deaths occur within minutes, although in two of 21 deaths in the state last year, the patients lingered, unconscious, for more than a day before dying. Highmyer, calmly enough, finds the work inspiring, saying, "It has made me more appreciative of life." The Oregon law is a model being watched by other states and nations, not to mention legions of critics, he says. "I think it's just going to take time for other states to recognize that sometimes about what terrible, despicable things will happen will not come true."

Concerns that the act would be a magnet for the terminally ill, turning Oregon into a kind of Club Dead, have proved

groundless. The state's own examination of the law's first four years found 91 people died by lethal medication by the end of 2001, although 141 lethal prescriptions were written. That's far less than one death in a thousand in Oregon. The state also found no evidence that those who committed suicide are clouded by pain, too poor to afford medical treatment, undisciplined or otherwise vulnerable to coercion. A disproportionate number of the dead are college educated, the report notes. The top reasons given for choosing suicide: loss of autonomy, decreasing ability to enjoy life, and lack of control of bodily functions.

Already Romney has lost strength and dexterity in his hands, walking is more difficult and his weakening legs, especially causes him to speak softly, pausing frequently to take a breath. It's the looming and inevitable loss of mobility and control that weighs most heavily. "Gosh, imagine being just sort of trapped in your own body, long there with a congested mind," he says. "It would be awful." He calls an eventual decision to end his life an exercise of "individual rights." He feels so strongly about the federal attorney general's attempt to override the state law that he became a plaintiff in the lawsuit against Ashcroft that now lingers in the courts.

Romney, whose mother was born and raised in Cathlamet, B.C., has an extended Mormon family on both sides of the border. Although he doesn't practice the faith, he says they support his decision. His wife Kathy, a devout Christian, also respects his choice, although suicide is not a course of action she or his relatives would take.

He doesn't know when death will come, but he has often visualized the scene. His wife and five children will be there. He believes in a birth, but instead of the baby crying and the family rejoicing, the roles will be reversed. "I'm going to be laughing, carrying on, having a good time, and my family will be crying," he says. "That's OK. It will be so peaceful to be able to do just what you want, doing the circle. I'd probably have a nice old touch of single-malt Scotch, and off we go."

But not today. Today is for chasing steelhead in an Oregon stream—silly catch and release. "They're just too beautiful to keep," he says with a wistful smile. "They deserve to live."



BIG, FAT BREAKTHROUGH

A Greek-Canadian gal spins family tales into gold

SHE WAS A BRIGHT, funny Greek-Canadian actress in Los Angeles hoping for film or screen work. But after months of "zero auditions," her female agent wrote her off, *evil supervisor-style*: "You're not pretty enough to be a leading lady, you're not fat enough to be a character actor—you're Greek and there's nothing I can do for you." So, what was Nia Vardalos to do? "I decided if I was going to be a Greek gal in town, then I would be the Greek gal in town," laughs the Winnipeg-born and -bred writer and star of the summer's sleeper hit movie, *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*. The film, now playing in the U.S., Greece and several other countries, opens in Canada on Aug. 16. For years, friends had been urging Vardalos to turn her hilarious family stories into comic material. The

veteran of Second City comedy troupes in London, Ont., and Chicago (at the latter, she developed satiric-show-biz character Sue Vaski) began doing bits based on the Vardalos clan during open mic nights at L.A. comedy clubs. The bit turned into the popular one-woman stage show *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*.

And this is where the story turns into a Hollywood fairy tale. A la *Grease*. One night another actress from a Greek family, Rita Wilson—born Margarita Brakinos, and also known as Mrs. Tom Hanks—went to see the show with her mother. Like Vardalos, Wilson had spent her childhood going to Greek school instead of business. Wilson and her soon-loved *Wedding* go to such they visited Vardalos in exchange. "Rita was so effective, so kind and sweet, and she

Vardalos (with Corbett) got help from Greek-American Rita Wilson, a.k.a. Mrs. Tom Hanks

said, 'You know, this should be a movie.' " recalls Vardalos, who replied that, in fact, she'd just completed a screenplay for *Wedding*. Then Wilson dispatched Hanks to see Vardalos perform. He sent the actress a letter saying how much he related to the show, concluding with, "Thanks for a great evening, a wonderful show, and all those stories I know by experience to be true. P.S. I look Greek." Two months later he called to propose the production group he runs with Gary Gershtman, Majors, shoot Vardalos's script, with her as the star. Wilson then joined them as a producer.

The fairy tale, still unfolding, includes a surprise pot of gold. In a summer of disappointing returns, the US\$50-million film—a charming, often hilarious tale about a large, larger-than-life Greek clan joined by marriage to a more, um, *happier* WASP family (with John Corbett playing the groom)—"continues to defy box-office gravity," as the *Hollywood Reporter* said last

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Film

week. Grosses for the four-month U.S. run are now at \$31 million, and there are big expectations for *Wedding's* Canadian arrival. "I saw Tom and Rita on *Today* night, and we just giggled at the numbers," says Vardalos, 39. "We didn't expect the film to play this long. It was supposed to open and close in a month and then make money on video." And it's not just Greeks who are going to *Wedding*. "There aren't enough of them to support how much the movie's made so far," she notes. "Everyone relates to this story. I loved it when a Chinese woman came up to me and said, 'This is just like my family!'"

Vardalos's humor of family life has generated poignant moments near small-town than Thelma. Like the times she and her mother would cry on the phone as Nia read, once again, Maria's letter. Or the spectacle of Wilson's huge, boisterous Greek family holding hands and dancing with Vardalos's large, boisterous Greek family at the film's premiere (Wilson and Vardalos attend the same L.A. Greek Orthodox church). The second of four children born to businessman father Constantine, now 68, who immigrated to Canada from Greece in his early 20s, and homemaker bookkeeper mother Dorothea, 62, born to a Greek family in Winnipeg, Vardalos scores generously around it, and, grateful for her success, as if the fact have been radically generous with good breaks. She says she knew she wanted to be an actress by the age of five, and moved to Toronto when she was 16 to study at Ryerson Polytechnic theatre school, dropping out after a couple of years because of class clashes. She got a job in the box office at Second City, where she'd auditioned three times without success. After three weeks, an actress fell ill 18 minutes before curtain time, and Vardalos convinced the producers to try her because she'd memorized the entire show. She went on stage, and was hired for the London, Ont., company the next day.

Vardalos spent two years with Second City in London, and then four years with the Chicago troupe. There, the next her husband, actor Ian Gomez, of *Pumpkin* and Jewish dance. Gomez, who has a small part in *Wedding* playing the groom's best friend, was baptised Greek Orthodox before their nuptials—just like Corbett's character in the movie. But while that



The star—with Linda Kassar, Steve and Lisa Logothetis and Lisa Cusack—wrote affectionate satire

doesn't completely extinguish the Greek family's witiness in the film, Vardalos says it did convince her real family to embrace *Greece*.

The two moved to Los Angeles in 1996 to pursue TV and film work and both have had a number of gigs. But Vardalos didn't get enough jobs to sustain her, so she developed *Wedding*. The one woman show, and the movie, are in many ways love letters to her family, albeit ones with a fair bit of ribbing and irony. "If you spent five minutes with my family," she says of the many colourful characters, "you'd have an idea for a movie too." Like Vardalos, her film star ego Dora Petralias characterizes every member of the tribe, even as she's sometimes driven crazy by their backdoor or overbearing ways. The writer says she "took every relative I have and then mixed them all together—I squashed all the parts into one [played by Andrea Martin]." She even managed to get the first names of all 17 first cousins into the script, and she calls the groom's son, Nia's husband. Her mother, her sister and several co-writers have cameo in *Wedding*.

But the success that her father, who appears in the movie a few times—he's a character during the wedding scene, reprising the role he plays on a regular basis at Winnipeg's St. Demetrios Greek Orthodox Church—is not the recognized patriarch (played by Greek American Michael Constantine) of the film. "My dad is pro education and pro women. He's a very good guy. I just took facets of the Greek male personality. Of course my dad, like the movie dad, does like every word and try to find its Greek roots." In an interview, Constantine Vardalos does his etymology schtick, commenting that 22 per cent of English words are of Greek origin. But does he also, like the movie father, use Windsor to treat everything "from poison to poison my?" "Yes, yes it," he says laughing. Nia, meanwhile, declines to answer that question "until Windsor calls offering to make him their mutual spokesperson."

The screen's mother following Nia's progress with "disbelief, awe and joy." Does the worry that Hollywood will spoil her daughter? No way, says Dorothea—the family will keep her in check. "When people were asking for her autograph at the premiere, I thought it was absolutely hilarious. And every time she comes back here she gets a dose of grounding. Last December in Winnipeg we had a party for our daughter who lives in Toronto. Everybody was serving sweet dough things, and Nia and Ian ended up delivering the sweets to the reception hall. It was about 16, there was a wicked wind, and they had to go in and out. It must have taken all 20 minutes for them to bring in the boxes. And I thought, 'So much for living the Hollywood life up here!'"



People | 46

Music that sings you to tears. For her new CD, singer-songwriter Beth Orton, Britain's queen of melancholy dance music, sought out the artists that make her cry. Yet with the help of country singers Ryan Adams and Jimmy Fallon, she's made her record without a tear in sight.



Movies | 46

Angela Powers leads her troops. Banana Hammock, aging women and polly humor are all groovy, baby, in the film *Colossal*.

Theatre | In the park, cash registers are ka-chinging

Worcester's Clay and Paper Theatre, run out of the city's small Dufferin Grove Park, is a shoestring operation. But that's OK, considering the modest aspirations of its founder and artistic director David Anderson. "Local engagement," he says, "is what we're looking for—there's no great principle involved, other than giving the community a dinner for a pleasure experience together." For the past seven years, Clay and Paper has provided that experience through a mix of songs, speech, games and pop culture—particularly the use of puppets ranging from 18 inches in height to over 10 feet.

"Working in public space is interesting," says Anderson, 61, a native of St. Boniface, Minn., "in what you have to do to grab attention. You have to go back to the beginnings of theatre, you have to make universal, visceral gestures for bigger than internal." And that's the very thing that resonates most strongly with the diverse community surrounding the park. "People from every ethnicity live here," the artistic director says, "and the amazing thing is how many say to me afterwards, 'That reminds me of what I saw as a child in India, or Indonesia, or Holland, or wherever.'"

Clay and Paper's biggest hit so far is 1996's *The Ballad of Geronimo Creek*, an earnest the broad strokes that used to supply water to British troops at Fort York. By the early 20th, the city of Toronto filled it in—to build sewage pipes—century Dufferin Grove and several other parks. Balled because a touring production when those other parks asked for it to be staged on their grounds too. This summer's play is *Gold-as local element streaming from the great shopping mall that looms across the street from Dufferin Grove*. "We're celebrating the natural colours of the park with

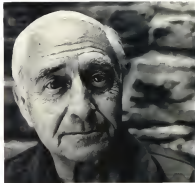


THE DETAILS *Gold-as* Tuesday through Sunday, 8 p.m. until 10 p.m. Performances are "all what you can" with a suggested donation of \$10.

the ka-ching of the cash registers over there," says Anderson before breaking into a grin. He firmly believes that the subversive potential of local theatre is only

enhanced by humor. One of *Gold-as*'s plot strands concerns the Pythonesque adventures of Sir Gawain: "a man," Anderson says, "deeply mistaken in his belief that he's going to save the world." But what may be the best joke of all isn't even in the play: Anderson says he's looking for a gold company to sponsor it.

BRIAN KETNER



People | A war reporter pieces together his own story

It's hard to imagine Peter Seamus Stenberg's time as a CBC Radio war correspondent in 60 years past. The veteran journalist's mind is as sharp, recalling historical events as if they were yesterday's news. "The story into Berlin and going into Hitler's bunker were both incredibly memorable experiences," says Vancouver-based Stenberg, the only Canadian journalist to enter both Rome and Berlin with the Allies during the Second World War.

Now 81, Stenberg hasn't lost his ability to tell a great story. In *No Foreign Born in China*—his 14th book—he assumes the role of three generations of his own family and their life in China. He seamlessly weaves together the country's history—from British imperialism to the Cultural Revolution

—with the experiences of his colonial family, beginning with the birth of his grandfather, Cape Samuel Lewis Shaw, in 1821.

Piecing the story together proved difficult. While much of the book is based on his parents' letters and recollections, he found very little information about his grandparents in fact, Stenberg only learned as an adult that his grandmother—to whom the book is dedicated—was Japanese. "My grandfather never left any papers or letters," says the author, who was born in Chifeng, China. "All I had was what was written on his tombstone and a newspaper obituary. I had to research the whole period." Luckily, Stenberg's research skills are well-honed. JOHN BIRCH

Life | "Emotional journey"

Several years ago Jeff Timmermans got the devastating news that his wife, Toni, had Alzheimer's. Now, the retired farmer is taking action. An avid cyclist, Timmermans set out across Canada in a risky adventure and wrote for the *Canadian Geographic*, chronicling his journey on www.melancolour.com. Starting

the 6,000-km trek June 3 in Port Bonifay, B.C., and riding between 90 to 300 km a day, the 74-year-old resident of Port Huron, Ont., plans to reach Gaze Spence, B.C., by Sept. 25. "It's every step I must people who have gone through the same thing my family has and there's no immediate goal," says Timmermans, who by words and had reached Mission, B.C., 77% before a very emotional journey." AL

Books | The man who pictured planet earth

He was the son of a humble Finnish labourer, but Gerard Mercator (the Latinized version of Gerhard Kruimer) ended up being revered as "the prince of modern cartography" and one of the greatest cartographers of all time. Imagery defined by high mortality, revolution and upheaval Mercator himself was represented by the Inquest of 1600, summing to the age of 52 (he died in 1594) was remarkable in itself. But as London-based geographer, he, adventure and author Nicholas Krause explores in *Mercator: The Man Who Mapped the Planet* (Macmillan), the geographer's projection of the world remains the predominant model, albeit one that has come under attack in recent decades. Besides defining the projection—a conversion of the spherical world to a two-dimensional map—Mercator also coined the term "latitude" and contributed to some of the earliest maps of America. The book



back of Krause's geographical trilogy (the first two focused on his travels in Europe and England), Mercator is a colourful and fascinating tribute.

BESTSELLERS

Fiction

	WEEKEND	WEEK
1. <i>BRIDGE OVER BURNING</i> (L)	1	1
2. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	2	2
3. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	3	3
4. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	4	4
5. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	5	5
6. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	6	6
7. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	7	7
8. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	8	8
9. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	9	9
10. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	10	10

Nonfiction

	WEEKEND	WEEK
1. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	1	1
2. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	2	2
3. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	3	3
4. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	4	4
5. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	5	5
6. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	6	6
7. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	7	7
8. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	8	8
9. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	9	9
10. <i>THE LAST THING HE SAW</i> (L)	10	10

1. *THE LAST THING HE SAW* (L)



People | The country longings of a dance music star

On her first two CDs, British singer-song writer Beth Orton found a magical combination by mixing heartbreakingly beautiful acoustic songs with sophisticated electronic beats. The unusual production garnered the Norfolk native adoring fans and two nominations for Britain's coveted Mercury Music Prize. On her latest CD, *Daybreaker*, Orton adds a new element, working with Grammy Award-winning rock-wonderland Ryan Adams. These collaborations give an American rock feel to some of Orton's songs. And being in such an esteemed company gave her an invigorated interest in her craft. "When I heard Beth's CD *Daybreaker* I was just blown away," says Orton, 36. "I hate to use such awful genre, but it was a very validating experience as well. With musicians like Ryan or Luscious

Williams, it's more than just the words or the music—it's the tone of the voice, the delivery. It moves me to tears and it makes me so proud of what I do."

The intense richly pitched Orton's fitness for is often attributed to a tragic childhood. Her father died of a heart attack when she was 11 and her mother died of cancer when Orton was 39. By that time, Orton herself had been diagnosed with Crohn's, a debilitating digestive-tract disease heavily affected by stress, diet and lifestyle. "Journing," she says, "is the worst thing you can do." But yoga acts to help. In fact, except for the recent interest in powerful country songs, Orton is unashamedly confident, healthy and happy. A note of mind that, fortunately, doesn't seem to affect her music. —SANDRA SOLO

Diversions | Sarah Harmer

The Kingston, Ont., native will soon be recording but fears what she's been enjoying (a summer season) can't last. The big reason: "It's acoustic with brass and some wacky programming and real instruments thrown in. I found out about this in New Zealand and it's been on my CD player for the last two months."

WOWES' NATIONAL PRIZE: "What a great night. It stars Elizabeth Taylor and Mickey Rourke. I just love classic stuff. But being awarded a lot of CBC's Saturday Night Movers lately, which has been great because I haven't seen a lot of the old classics."



Film | All shagged out?

A fitting title for the latest Austin Powers installment could be *Austin Powers as Crotch-Hair, Fathead and Completely Inane*. Just look at the ticket sales. The actual film, *Austin Powers in International Man of Mystery*, doesn't get away too wacky and out there this time is, and the movie's fairly—very funny. Of course, you have to appreciate slapstick and potty humor. Crotch, water and star Mike Myers has cranked every possible sight gag, satirical reference and gross-out joke into his third look about a '60s lit high up who travels through time to thwart his nemesis. Or, evil. Playing four characters—Powers, Dr. Evil, Mr. Bigglesworth (aka his assistant), a wife, Twinkles, his own handsome-werky butcherman named Goldmember—Myers is a hoot.

There isn't much of a plot. Austin should be feeling groovy—he's just been knighted by the Queen for saving the world from Dr. Evil. But he's devastated (did his father, an equally "funny boss" guy, yet a real dad, die? didn't show up for the ceremony). Despite this, Austin tries to have just teach Nigel

Powers, played by Michael Caine, who gets kidnapped by Goldmember and taken back to 1955. Austin enters the 1950s in a way to look for his father and returns again to meet the would-be world dominator from a parallel world. He'll get to see his dad share with Mike. But in an era well-served by his tongue's wit, Austin needs a babe and needs it bad. And that's just the first hour—

longer loads of time for over-the-top references, but fabulous, musical numbers.

Critics are hard to turn on. Top picks include *Sam Cat*, *Baywatch*, *Phish*, *Drop Out* and *Steven Spielberg*. *Anthony Quinn* from off against Austin as finger snapping, *West Side Story* spoof.

The only disappointment in this slapstick flick is that there's no, well, shagging. Beyond *Knives of Babylon*'s Child play the spy's love interest, Pansy Cleopatra. While *Knives* adds to comically who the 7th golden globe-winner, *Knives* isn't a part, but it's a very remarkable of pleasure between her and Myers. In fact, Caine creates more sexual tension with the 39-year-old did it with a couple of lines that Myers acknowledges in the whole movie. And it's about the case. Army he tries to return the character. "Cause there's nothing sadder than a spy's life his wife. Yeah, baby!" —AMY CAMERON



Work | Could Austin or 007 cut it in Canada?

Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS) recently revealed that it's running low on agents—in the wake of Sept. 11, it lost a large number of officers to other federal agencies and departments scrambling to beef up security. Interested in a life of intrigue? Here's the lowdown on what it takes to be a spy for your country.

CSIS

OFFICIAL TITLE: intelligence officer
PAY SCALE: \$32,180 to \$62,140
HOURS: on call 24 hours a day
QUALIFICATIONS: Canadian citizen, preferably bilingual, with university degree and valid driver's license. Foreign language skills and computer literacy are a bonus.
ENTRANCE TESTS: written and psychological testing, security clearance, interviews.
AVERAGE AGE OF RECRUIT: 27
GENDER BREAKDOWN: 55 per cent male, 45 per cent female (for the whole CSIS workforce).

DANGER PAY

PM: polygraph test and full financial disclosure are mandatory every five years.

RCMP

OFFICIAL TITLE: national security investigator
PAY SCALE: \$68,000 to \$66,000
HOURS: on call 24 hours a day
QUALIFICATIONS: must be an experienced RCMP officer. To become a Monique, you must be a Canadian citizen of good character with a secondary school education and valid unrestricted driver's license. To get into intelligence work, an officer must display above average oral and written communication skills.
ENTRANCE TESTS: before joining the RCMP, you must pass a police aptitude test, physical exam, psychological testing and security investigation.
GENDER BREAKDOWN: 84 per cent male, 16 per cent female.
DANGER PAY: no.

PM: you can sell your family what you do in general terms, but unless your spouse or partner has sufficient security classification, you can't get into details.

CND

OFFICIAL TITLE: intelligence officer
PAY SCALE: \$58,000 plus
HOURS: on call 24 hours a day
QUALIFICATIONS: must be a lieutenant or captain in the army, navy or air force. Plus, you must have sufficient experience and demonstrate leadership in initiative, research and performance. A master's degree and linguistic skills are a bonus.
AVERAGE AGE: 32 per cent of intelligence officers are between 36 and 40 years old.
GENDER BREAKDOWN: 96 per cent male, 30 per cent female.
DANGER PAY: yes.
PM: between 12 and 16 people are hired in intelligence every year.

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